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## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

*Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay, Author of "Evelina," "Cecilia," &c.* Edited by her Niece. Vol. I. pp. 436. H. Colburn.

THIS Volume I., occupying the years 1778-80, is the commencement of a publication which, we learn, will probably extend to six volumes, and promises to possess much general interest. The opening specimen is perhaps the most unfavourable that could be taken, since it is evident the interest must increase as the work proceeds, and the author is placed in conditions of superior importance,—such as her appointment in the court and family of George III., of the daily circumstances of which she kept a diary. And even the first volume will be more relished by every other reader than by those who are bound to go "slick" through it for the business of criticism. In the one case, dipping into occasional entertainment, there is enough to gratify and amuse; but in the other, there is crammed into a long sitting too large a proportion of the immaterial nothings, which the editor would have done well to abridge, as too trifling to be worthy of preservation. These entries of visits, and notices of persons never known beyond their little private circles, and now utterly forgotten—only serve to swell the bulk, whilst they detract from the merit of the *Diary* as a picture of manners, and lively sketch of persons with whose names the public are familiar either from their own performances, or from the accounts of noted individuals with whom they associated. The Austeys, Carters, Hawkinses, Montagus, Searwards, Jerninghams, Wartons, Thrales, Johnsons, Lennoxes, Veseyes,\* &c. &c. &c., are all stars in the literary sphere of the preceding age, of whom we like to hear more and more, and especially to behold them in their undress as exhibited by the author. In this respect her details are often worthy of Walpole or Boswell, and quite sufficient to render her production extensively popular. We feel this the more forcibly as we get later down with the dates; for the records of 1780, introducing the better known and remembered *dramatis personee*, are much more amusing than those of the earlier years, which are, indeed, filled with such a fuss about the writing of *Evelina*,—the revelation of its authorship, and the consequent lionising of the writer,—as, we must say, is rather productive of ennui than of pleasure. Nearly three hundred pages of this sort of stuff might advantageously have been compressed into one hundred.

Frances Burney—one of the daughters of Dr. Burney the historian of music—born in 1752, secretly gave herself up to literary tastes at

an early age; for "by the time she was fourteen she had carefully studied many of the best authors in her father's library, of which she had the uncontrolled range. She began also to make extracts, keeping a *catalogue raisonné* of the books she read; and some of her early remarks were such as would not have disgraced a maturer judgment."

At that period—so unlike ours—it was reckoned rather disgraceful for ladies, and particularly young ladies, to write for the press. They seemed to be regarded something in the same light as if they took a walk on the *pavé*, or exposed themselves in public. Thus her mother, having found out Miss Fanny's peccadillos, read her such a lecture about writing, that we are told—

"Whatever conviction these strictures may have produced, they at least so wrought upon Fanny's sense of duty and obedience, that she resolved to make an *auto da fé* of all her manuscripts, and, if possible, to throw away her pen. Seizing, therefore, an opportunity when Dr. and Mrs. Burney were from home, she made over to a bonfire in a paved play-court her whole stock of prose-compositions, while her faithful Susanna stood by weeping at the conflagration. Among the works thus immolated was one tale of considerable length—the *History of Caroline Evelyn*, the mother of *Evelina*. This sacrifice was made in the young authoress's fifteenth year; and for some weeks she probably adhered to her resolution of composing no more works of fiction, and began, perhaps as a less objectionable employment, the *Journal* which she continued during so many years. But the perennial fountain could not be restrained."

At the age of nineteen she was busily employed as one of her father's filial amanuenses; and at the age of twenty-four or twenty-five she had completed her own *Evelina*. It was offered to Dodsley, who declined looking at any thing anonymous; and was, after some negotiation, sold to Lowndes for 20*l.*—and a very fine *spec* it turned out for that bookseller. The work appeared in January 1778, and rapidly became celebrated in the literary coteries and fashionable circles of the day.

The small movements which reached the ears of the happy writer, and confirmed this joyous progress, are narrated with all the circumstantiality their value imposed upon her mind; but are scarcely worth remembering now. The leading incident of her incipient fame was being courted by Mrs. Thrale, visiting much at Streatham, accompanying that lady to Bath, and mixing daily with the society to which she was so efficient a chaperone. Her first meeting with the great Lexiphanes is characteristic of the whole. "Mrs. Thrale took me to the library; she talked a little while upon common topics, and then mentioned *Evelina*. 'Yesterday at supper,' said she, 'we talked it all over, and discussed all your characters; but Dr. Johnson's favourite is Mr. Smith. He declares the fine gentleman *manqué* was never better drawn: and he acted him all the evening, saying he was 'all for the ladies!' He repeated whole scenes by heart. I declare I was astonished at him. O you can't imagine

how much he is pleased with the book; he 'could not get rid of the rogue,' he told me. But was it not droll," said she, "that I should recommend it to Dr. Burney, and tease him so innocently to read it?" I now prevailed upon Mrs. Thrale to let me amuse myself; and she went to dress. I then prowled about to choose some book, and I saw upon the reading-table *Evelina*. I had just fixed upon a new translation of Cicero's *Lælius*, when the library-door was opened, and Mr. Seward entered. I instantly put away my book, because I dreaded being thought studious and affected. He offered his service to find any thing for me, and then, in the same breath, ran on to speak of the book with which I had myself 'favoured the world!' The exact words he began with I cannot recollect; for I was actually confounded by the attack; and his abrupt manner of letting me know he was *au fait* equally astonished and provoked me. How different from the delicacy of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale! When we were summoned to dinner, Mrs. Thrale made my father and me sit on each side of her. I said that I hoped I did not take Dr. Johnson's place; for he had not yet appeared. 'No,' answered Mrs. Thrale, 'he will sit by you, which I am sure will give him great pleasure.' Soon after we were seated, this great man entered. I have so true a veneration for him, that the very sight of him inspires me with delight and reverence, notwithstanding the cruel infirmities to which he is subject; for he has almost perpetual convulsive movements, either of his hands, lips, feet, or knees, and sometimes of all together. Mrs. Thrale introduced me to him, and he took his place. We had a noble dinner, and a most elegant dessert. Dr. Johnson, in the middle of dinner, asked Mrs. Thrale what was in some little pies that were near him. 'Mutton,' answered she, 'so I don't ask you to eat any, because I know you despise it.' 'No, madam, no,' cried he; 'I despise nothing that is good of its sort; but I am too proud now to eat of it. Sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud to-day!' 'Miss Burney,' said Mrs. Thrale, laughing, 'you must take great care of your heart, if Dr. Johnson attacks it; for I assure you he is not often successful.' 'What's that you say, madam?' cried he; 'are you making mischief between the young lady and me already?' A little while after he drank Miss Thrale's health and mine, and then added: 'Tis a terrible thing that we cannot wish young ladies well, without wishing them to become old women.' 'But some people,' said Mr. Seward, 'are old and young at the same time; for they wear so well, that they never look old.' 'No, sir, no,' cried the doctor, laughing; 'that never yet was; you might as well say they are at the same time tall and short. I remember an epitaph to that purpose, which is in —' (I have quite forgot what,—and also the name it was made upon, but the rest I recollect exactly):

— lies buried here;  
So early wise, so lasting fair,  
That none, unless her years you told,  
Thought her a child, or thought her old.

Mrs. Thrale then repeated some lines in French, and Dr. Johnson some more in Latin. An epi-

\* The Origin of *Blue Stockingism*.—"Mrs. Vesey was the lady at whose house the celebrated *bas-bleu* meetings of the time were first held; and indeed with her the phrase itself is said to have been originated. It is related that, on inviting Mr. Stillingfleet to one of her literary parties, he wished to decline attending it, on the plea of his want of an appropriate dress for an evening assembly. 'O, never mind dress,' said she; 'come in your blue stockings!'—which he was wearing at the time. He took her at her word; and on entering the room, directed her attention to the fact of his having come in his *blue stockings*: and her literary meetings retained the name of *bas bleu* ever after."

logue of Mr. Garrick's to *Bonduca* was then mentioned: and Dr. Johnson said it was a miserable performance; and every body agreed it was the worst he had ever made. 'And yet,' said Mr. Seward, 'it has been very much admired: but it is in praise of English valour; and so, I suppose, the subject made it popular.' 'I don't know, sir,' said Dr. Johnson, 'any thing about the subject—for I could not read on till I came to it: I got through half a dozen lines; but I could observe no other subject than eternal dullness. I don't know what is the matter with David; I am afraid he is grown superannuated—for his prologues and epilogues used to be incomparable.' 'Nothing is so fatiguing,' said Mrs. Thrale, 'as the life of a wit; he and Wilks are the two oldest men of their ages I know—for they have both worn themselves out by being eternally on the rack to give entertainment to others.' 'David, madam,' said the Dr., 'looks much older than he is—for his face has had double the business of any other man's; it is never at rest: when he speaks one minute, he has quite a different countenance to what he assumes the next,—I don't believe he ever kept the same look for half an hour together in the whole course of his life; and such an eternal, restless, fatiguing play of the muscles must certainly wear out a man's face before its real time.' 'O, yes,' cried Mrs. Thrale, 'we must certainly make some allowance for such wear and tear of a man's face.' The next name that was started was that of Sir John Hawkins: and Mrs. Thrale said, 'Why, now, Dr. Johnson, he is another of those whom you suffer nobody to abuse but yourself; Garrick is one too—for if any other person speaks against him, you browbeat him in a minute!' 'Why, madam,' answered he, 'they don't know when to abuse him and when to praise him; I will allow no man to speak ill of David that he does not deserve; and as to Sir John, why really I believe him to be an honest man at the bottom—but, to be sure, he is penurious, and he is mean, and it must be owned he has a degree of brutality, and a tendency to savageness, that cannot easily be defended.' We all laughed—as he meant we should—at this curious manner of speaking in his favour; and he then related an anecdote that he said he knew to be true in regard to his meanness. He said that Sir John and he once belonged to the same club; but that as he eat no supper after the first night of his admission, he desired to be excused paying his share. 'And was he excused?' 'O, yes—for no man is angry at another for being inferior to himself! we all scorned him, and admitted his plea. For my part, I was such a fool as to pay my share for wine, though I never tasted any. But Sir John was a most unclubbable man!' How delighted was I to hear this master of languages so unaffectedly, and sociably, and good-naturedly, make words for the promotion of sport and good-humour! 'And this,' continued he, 'reminds me of a gentleman and lady with whom I travelled once;—I suppose I must call them gentleman and lady, according to form, because they travelled in their own coach and four horses. But at the first inn where we stopped, the lady called for—a pint of ale! and when it came, quarrelled with the waiter for not giving full measure. Now, Madam Duval could not have done a grosser thing! Oh, how every body laughed! and to be sure I did not glow at all, nor munch fast, nor look on my plate, nor lose any part of my usual composure! But how grateful do I feel

to this dear Dr. Johnson for never naming me and the book as belonging one to the other, and yet making an allusion that shewed his thoughts led to it, and, at the same time, that seemed to justify the character as being natural! But, indeed, the delicacy I met with from him, and from all the Thrales, was yet more flattering to me than the praise with which I have heard they have honoured my book. After dinner, when Mrs. Thrale and I left the gentlemen, we had a conversation that to me could not but be delightful, as she was all good-humour, spirits, sense, and agreeability. Surely I may make words, when at a loss, if Dr. Johnson does.'

We may here remark, that it is necessary to re-peruse *Evelina* in order to understand a multitude of the allusions in the *Diary* to what people said to and at her. Among these interlocutors, a trashy flashy woman of fashion (the sister of Peg Woffington, by the way), whom Miss Burney met at an evening party at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, may be served up as a dainty: 'While this was going forward, a violent rapping bespoke, I was sure, Mrs. Cholmondeley, and I ran from the standers, and turning my back against the door, looked over Miss Palmer's cards; for you may well imagine I was really in a tremor at a meeting which so long has been in agitation, and with the person who, of all persons, has been most warm and enthusiastic for my book. She had not, however, been in the room half an instant, ere my father came up to me, and tapping me on the shoulder, said, "Fanny, here's a lady who wishes to speak to you." I curtsied in silence, she too curtsied, and fixed her eyes full on my face; and then tapping me with her fan, she cried, "Come, come, you must not look grave upon me." Upon this, I te-he'd; she now looked at me yet more earnestly, and, after an odd silence, said, abruptly—"But is it true?" "What, ma'am?" "It can't be!—tell me, though, is it true?" I could only simper. "Why don't you tell me?—but it can't be—I don't believe it!—no, you are an impostor!" Sir Joshua and Lord Palmerston were both at her side—oh, how notably silly must I look! She again repeated her question of "Is it true?" and I again affected not to understand her; and then Sir Joshua, taking hold of her arm, attempted to pull her away, saying:—"Come, come, Mrs. Cholmondeley, I won't have her overpowered here!" I love Sir Joshua much for this. But Mrs. Cholmondeley, turning to him, said, with quickness and vehemence:—"Why, I a'n't going to kill her! I don't be afraid, I sha'n't compliment her!—I can't, indeed!" Then, taking my hand, she led me through them all to another part of the room, where again she examined my phiz, and viewed and re-viewed my whole person. "Now," said she, "do tell me; is it true?" "What, ma'am?—I don't know what—" "Pho! what—why you know what: in short, can you read? and can you write?" "N—o, ma'am!" "I thought so," cried she; "I have suspected it was a trick some time, and now I am sure of it. You are too young by half!—it can't be!" I laughed, and would have got away; but she would not let me. "No," cried she, "one thing you must, at least, tell me;—are you very conceited? Come, answer me," continued she. "You won't? Mrs. Burney, Dr. Burney,—come here,—tell me if she is not very conceited?—if she is not eat up with conceit by this time?" They were both pleased to answer, "Not half enough." "Well," exclaimed she, "that is the most wonderful part of all! Why that is yet more extraordinary than writing the book!" I then got away from

her, and again looked over Miss Palmer's cards; but she was after me in a minute. 'Pray, Miss Burney,' cried she, aloud, 'do you know any thing of this game?' 'No, ma'am.' 'No!' repeated she; 'ma foi, that's pity!' This raised such a laugh, I was forced to move on! yet every body seemed to be afraid to laugh too, and studying to be delicate, as if they had been cautioned; which, I have since found, was really the case, and by Sir Joshua himself. Again, however, she was at my side. 'What game do you like, Miss Burney?' cried she. 'I play at none, ma'am.' 'No; *pardie*, I wonder at that! Did you ever know such a toad?' Again I moved on, and got behind Mr. W. Burke, who, turning round to me, said, 'This is not very politic in us, Miss Burney, to play at cards, and have you listen to our follies.' There's for you! I am to pass for a censorious now.'

A great deal more of the same silliness and impertinence is told, which affords a poor idea of the *réunions* of our grandpas and mas; and the diary goes on.

"I must now write dialogue-fashion, to avoid the enormous length of Mrs. C.'s name. Mrs. C. 'I have been very ill; monstrous ill indeed! or else I should have been at your house long ago. Sir Joshua, pray how do you do? You know, I suppose, that I don't come to see you?' Sir Joshua could only laugh, though this was her first address to him. Mrs. C. 'Pray, miss, what's your name?' F. B. 'Frances, ma'am.' Mrs. C. 'Fanny? Well, all the Fannys are excellent; and yet,—my name is Mary! Pray, Miss Palmers, how are you?—though I hardly know if I shall speak to you to-night. I thought I should never have got here: I have been so out of humour with the people for keeping me. If you but knew, cried I, to whom I am going to-night, and who I shall see to-night, you would not dare keep me muzzling here! During all these pointed speeches, her penetrating eyes were fixed upon me; and what could I do?—what, indeed, could anybody do, but colour and simper?—all the company watching us, though all very delicately avoided joining the confab. Mrs. C. 'My Lord Palmerston, I was told to-night that nobody could see your lordship for me, for that you supped at my house every night. Dear, bless me, no! cried I, not every night! and I looked as confused as I was able; but I am afraid I did not blush, though I tried hard for it.' Then, again, turning to me,—'That Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, in Fleet Street, is a mighty silly fellow;—perhaps you don't know who I mean?—one T. Lowndes; but may be you don't know such a person?' F. B. 'No, indeed I do not; that I can safely say.' Mrs. C. 'I could get nothing from him: but I told him I hoped he gave a good price; and he answered me, that he always did things genteel. What trouble and tagging we had. Mr. — [I cannot recollect the name she mentioned] laid a wager the writer was a man; I said I was sure it was a woman; but now we are both out, for it's a girl! In this comical, queer, flighty, whimsical manner, she ran on, till we were summoned to supper, for we were not allowed to break up before; and then, when Sir Joshua, and almost every body, was gone down stairs, she changed her tone, and, with a face and voice both grave, said,—'Well, Miss Burney, you must give me leave to say one thing to you; yet, perhaps you won't, neither, will you?' 'What is it, ma'am?' 'Why, it is, that I admire you more than any human being; and that I can't help!' Then, suddenly rising, she hurried down stairs. While we were upon the stairs, I heard Miss Palmer say to Miss Fanny

\* We remember this part of the story in *Dozzy*.

Cholmondeley, 'Well, you don't find Miss Burney quite so tremendous a person as you expected?' Sir Joshua made me sit next him at supper; Mr. William Burke was at my other side; though, afterwards, I lost the knight of Plinton, who, as he eats no suppers, made way for Mr. Gwatkin, and, as the table was crowded, stood at the fire himself. He was extremely polite and flattering in his manners towards me, and entirely avoided all mention or hint at *Evelina* the whole evening; indeed, I think I have met with more scrupulous delicacy from Sir Joshua than from any body, although I have heard more of his approbation than of almost any other person's. Mr. W. Burke was immensely attentive at table; but, lest he should be thought a Mr. Smith for his pains, he took care, whoever he helped, to add, 'You know I am all for the ladies!' I was glad I was not next Mrs. Cholmondeley; but she frequently, and very provokingly, addressed herself to me; once she called out aloud, 'Pray, Miss Burney, is there any thing new coming out?' And, another time, 'Well, I wish people who can entertain me would entertain me!' These sort of pointed speeches are almost worse than direct attacks; for there is no knowing how to look, or what to say, especially where the eyes of a whole company mark the object for whom they are meant. To the last of these speeches I made no sort of answer; but Sir Joshua very good-naturedly turned it from me, by saying, 'Well, let every one do what they can in their different ways; do you begin yourself.' 'Oh, I can't!' cried she; 'I have tried; but I can't.' 'Do you think, then,' answered he, 'that all the world is made only to entertain you?' A very lively dialogue ensued. But I grow tired of writing."

And we of quoting. We wish we had never seen any thing of this Mrs. Cholmondeley but Sir Joshua's exquisite portrait. We pass to a touch at Sir Fretful Plagiary, — the scene at Brighton, or, in these days, Brighthelmston: —

"One thing proved quite disagreeable to me, and that was, the whole behaviour of the whole tribe of the Cumberlands, which I must explain. Mr. Cumberland, when he saw Mrs. Thrale, flew with eagerness to her and made her take his seat, and he talked to her with great friendliness and intimacy, as he has been always accustomed to do; and inquired very particularly concerning her daughter, expressing an earnest desire to see her. But when, some time after, Mrs. Thrale said, 'Oh, there is my daughter with Miss Burney,' he changed the discourse abruptly, never came near Miss Thrale, and neither then nor since, when he has met Mrs. Thrale, has again mentioned her name; and the whole evening he seemed determined to avoid us both. Mrs. Cumberland contented herself with only looking at me, as at a person she had no reason or business to know. The two daughters, but especially the eldest, as well as the son, were by no means so quiet; they stared at me every time I came near them, as if I had been a thing for a show; surveyed me from head to foot, and then again, and again, and again returned to my face, with so determined and so unabating a curiosity, that it really made me uncomfortable. All the folks here impute the whole of this conduct to its having transpired that I am to bring out a play this season; for Mr. Cumberland, though in all other respects an agreeable and a good man, is so notorious for hating, and envying, and spitting all authors in the dramatic line, that he is hardly decent in his behaviour towards them. He has little reason, at present at least, to bear me any ill-will; but if he is

capable of such weakness and malignity as to have taken an aversion to me merely because I can make use of pen and ink, he deserves not to hear of my having suppressed my play, or of any thing else that can gratify so illiberal a disposition. Dr. Johnson, Mr. Cholmondeley, and Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, have all repeatedly said to me, 'Cumberland no doubt hates you heartily by this time; but it always appeared to me a speech of mingled fun and flattery, and I never dreamed of its being possible to be true.' \* \* \* \* On the announcement of the carriage, we went into the next room for our cloaks, where Mrs. Thrale and Mr. Cumberland were in deep conversation. 'Oh, here's Miss Burney!' said Mrs. Thrale, aloud. Mr. Cumberland turned round, but withdrew his eyes instantly; and I, determined not to interrupt them, made Miss Thrale walk away with me. In about ten minutes she left him, and we all came home. As soon as we were in the carriage, 'It has been,' said Mrs. Thrale, warmly, 'all I could do not to affront Mr. Cumberland to-night!' 'Oh, I hope not!' cried I; 'I would not have you for the world!' 'Why, I have refrained; but with great difficulty.' And then she told me the conversation she had just had with him. As soon as I made off, he said, with a spiteful tone of voice, 'Oh, that young lady is an author, I hear!' 'Yes,' answered Mrs. Thrale; 'author of *Evelina*.' 'Humph! I am told it has some humour.' 'Ay, indeed; Johnson says nothing like it has appeared for years.' 'So,' cried he, biting his lips, and waving uneasily in his chair, 'so, so.' 'Yes,' continued she, 'and Sir Joshua Reynolds told Mr. Thrale he would give fifty pounds to know the author.' 'So, so,—oh, vastly well!' cried he, putting his hand on his forehead. 'Nay,' added she, 'Burke himself sat up all night to finish it!' This seemed quite too much for him; he put both his hands to his face, and waving backwards and forwards, said, 'Oh, vastly well—this will do for anything!' with a tone as much as to say, 'Pray no more!' Then Mrs. Thrale bid him good night, longing, she said, to call Miss Thrale first, and say, 'So you won't speak to my daughter—why, she is no author!' I much rejoice that she did not; and I have most earnestly entreated her not to tell this anecdote to anybody here; for I really am much concerned to have ever encountered this sore man, who, if already he thus burns with envy at the success of my book, will, should he find his narrowness of mind resented by me, or related by my friends, not only wish me ill, but do me every ill office hereafter in his power. Indeed, I am quite shocked to find how he avoids and determines to dislike me; for hitherto I have always been willing and able to hope that I had not one real enemy or ill-wisher in the world. I shall still, however, hope, if I can but keep Mrs. Thrale's indignant warmth of friendship within bounds, to somewhat conciliate matters, and prevent any open enmity, which authorises all ill deeds, from taking place. All authorship-contention I shudder to think of."

The piques and jealousies of authorship we fancy may continue to be passions even to our times; and certainly we are convinced that the liberality of publishers and booksellers, in the cases of others, is much the same at present as described by Miss Burney seventy years ago. Thus illustrated—

"My authorship seems now pretty well known and spread about Brighthelmston. The very next morning, as Miss Thrale and I entered Bowen's shop, where we were appointed to meet Mrs. Thrale, I heard her saying to him,

as they were both in serious and deep confabulation, 'So you have picked up all this, Mr. Bowen, have you?' Then, seeing me, 'Oh, ho!' she cried, 'so one never is to speak of anybody at Brighthelmston, but they are to be at one's elbow.' 'I presume,' quoth I, 'you were scarcely speaking of me?' 'No; but I was hearing of you from Mr. Bowen.' And when we left the shop, she told me that he had said to her, 'O ma'am, what a book thrown away was that! All the trade cry shame on Lowndes. Not, ma'am, that I expected he could have known its worth, because that's out of the question; but when its profits told him what it was, it's quite scandalous that he should have done nothing!—quite ungentlemanlike indeed!'"

How generous we can be at the expense of others, and where the sentiment costs us nothing!

Of the characters shewn up at Bath, a Mr. B—y is one of the most entertaining, and the hits about him scattered through the pages are often laughable.

"Nov. 3.—Last Monday we went again to the ball. Mr. B—y, who was there, and seated himself next to Lady Pembroke at the top of the room, looked most sublimely happy! —He continues still to afford me the highest diversion. Rose Fuller was never half so entertaining; and Mr. Selwin, who has long known him, and has all his stories and sayings by heart, studies to recollect all his favourite topics, and tells me beforehand what he will say upon the subject he prepares me for leading him to. Indeed, between him and Mrs. Thrale, almost all he has to say is almost exhausted. As he is notorious for his contempt of all artists, whom he looks upon with little more respect than upon day-labourers, the other day, when painting was discussed, he spoke of Sir Joshua Reynolds as if he had been upon a level with a carpenter or farrier. 'Did you ever,' said Mrs. Thrale, 'see his Nativity?' 'No, madam,—but I know his pictures very well; I knew him many years ago, in Minorca; he drew my picture there,—and then he knew how to take a moderate price; but now, I vow, ma'am, 'tis scandalous—scandalous indeed! to pay a fellow here seventy guineas for scratching out a head!' 'Sir,' cried Dr. Delap, 'you must not run down Sir Joshua Reynolds, because he is Miss Burney's friend.' 'Sir,' answered he, 'I don't want to run the man down; I like him well enough in his proper place; he is as decent as any man of that sort I ever knew; but for all that, sir, his prices are shameful. Why, he would not [looking at the poor doctor with an enraged contempt]—he would not do your head under seventy guineas!' 'Well,' said Mrs. Thrale, 'he had one portrait at the last exhibition, that I think hardly could be paid enough for; it was of a Mr. Stuart; I had never done admiring it.' 'What stuff is this, ma'am!' cried Mr. B—y, 'how can two or three dabs of paint ever be worth such a sum as that?' 'Sir,' said Mr. Selwin (always willing to draw him out), 'you know not how much he is improved since you knew him in Minorca; he is now the finest painter, perhaps, in the world.' 'Pho, pho, sir,' cried he, 'how can you talk so? you, Mr. Selwin, who have seen so many capital pictures abroad?' 'Come, come, sir,' said the ever-odd Dr. Delap, 'you must not go on so undervaluing him; for, I tell you, he is a friend of Miss Burney's.' 'Sir,' said Mr. B—y, 'I tell you again, I have no objection to the man; I have dined in his company two or three times; a very decent man he is, fit to keep company with gentlemen; but, ma'am, what are all your modern dabblers put together to one ancient? nothing



—a set of—not a Reubens among them! I vow, ma'am, not a Reuben among them! \*

Whenever plays are mentioned, we have also a regular speech about them. 'I never,' he says, 'go to a tragedy,—it's too affecting; tragedy enough in real life; tragedies are only fit for fair females; for my part, I cannot bear to see Othello tearing about in that violent manner;—and fair little Desdemona—ma'am, 'tis too affecting! to see your kings and your princes tearing their pretty locks,—oh there's no standing it! 'A straw-crown'd monarch,'—what is that, Mrs. Thrale?

'A straw-crown'd monarch in mock majesty.'

I can't recollect now where that is; but for my part, I really cannot bear to see such sights. And then out come the white handkerchiefs, and all their pretty eyes are wiping; and then come poison and daggers, and all that kind of thing.—O ma'am, 'tis too much; but yet the fair tender hearts, the pretty little females, all like it! This speech, word for word, I have already heard from him literally four times. When Mr. Garrick was mentioned, he honoured him with such the same style of compliment as he had done Sir Joshua Reynolds. 'Ay, ay,' said he, 'that Garrick was another of those fellows that people run mad about. Ma'am, 'tis a shame to think of such things! an actor living like a person of quality! scandalous! I vow, scandalous!' 'Well,—commend me to Mr. B.—y!' cried Mrs. Thrale, 'for he is your only man to put down all the people that every body else sets up.' 'Why, ma'am,' answered he, 'I like all these people very well in their proper places; but to see such a set of poor beings living like persons of quality,—'tis preposterous! common sense, madam, common sense is against that kind of thing. As to Garrick, he was a very good mimic, an entertaining fellow enough, and all that kind of thing; but for an actor to live like a person of quality—oh, scandalous!' Some time after the musical tribe was mentioned. He was at cards at the time with Mr. Selwin, Dr. Delap, and Mr. Thrale, while we 'fair females,' as he always calls us, were speaking of Agujari. He constrained himself from flying out as long as he was able; but our mentioning her having fifty pounds a song, he suddenly, in a great rage, called out 'Catgut and rosin!—ma'am, 'tis scandalous!' We all laughed, and Mr. Selwin, to provoke him on, said, 'Why, sir, how shall we part with our money better?' 'Oh fie! fie!' cried he, 'I have not patience to hear of such folly; common sense, sir, common sense is against it. Why now there was one of these fellows at Bath last season, a Mr. Rauzzini,—I vow I longed to cane him every day! such a work made with him! all the fair females sighing for him! enough to make a man sick!'

B.—y seems to have been an excellent butt, but we presume our readers have enough of him; and we must now be content to run over a few slight touches, to conclude our say about this Vol. I. Those who yet regret the loss of the kind-hearted General Phipps will read with interest a notice of his entrance into life.

'Lord Mulgrave's brother Edmund is just entered into the army.' He told me 'other day,' said his lordship, 'that he did not like the thoughts of being a parson.' 'Very well,' said I, 'you are old enough to choose for yourself; what will you be, then?' 'Why a soldier,' says he. 'A soldier? will you so? Why then the best thing you can do is to embark with your brother Henry immediately; for you won't know what to do in a regiment by yourself.' Well, no sooner said than done! Henry was just going to the West Indies in Lord Har-

ington's regiment, and Edmund ordered a chaise, and drove to Portsmouth after him. The whole was settled in half an hour. Curious enough. But I am sorry Edmund has taken this freak. He is an amiable young man, and I had rather he had kept clear of this fighting system, and 'things of that sort.'

Lord Mulgrave himself is described by Miss Burney as the soul of company, full of wit and refinement.

'In the morning, to my great concern, Lord Mulgrave called to take leave. He takes away with him more wit than he leaves behind him in all Bath, except what is lodged with Mrs. Thrale. As to Mrs. Montagu, she reasons well, and harangues well, but wit she has none. Mrs. Thrale has almost too much; for when she is in spirits, it bursts forth in a torrent almost overwhelming. Ah! 'tis a fault she has as much to herself as her virtues!'

But others are not drawn in such amiable colours.

Mr. Jerningham.—'Besides their own family, we met Mr. Jerningham the poet. I have lately been reading his poems, if his they may be called. He seems a mighty delicate gentleman; looks to be painted, and is all daintification in manner, speech, and dress. The rest of the company I shall not trouble you with mentioning, save Miss Leigh, who sat next me, and filled up all the evening with hearing of Mr. Crisp, and talking of Mrs. Gast, except what was given to attending to Mr. Jerningham's singing to his own accompaniment upon the harp. He has about as much voice as Sacchini, and very sweet-toned, though very English; and he sung and played with a fineness that somewhat resembled the man we looked at at Piozzi's benefit; for it required a painful attention to hear him. And while he sings, he looks the gentlest of all dying Corydons! Oh, what must he have thought of Mrs. Bowdler, who, when he was trying to recollect an air from the 'Hermit,' called out, 'Pray, Mr. Jerningham, can't you sing us some of your own poetry?' I really feared he would have fainted away at so gross a question; but, to my great relief, I observed he only looked down and smiled. \* \* \* Mrs. Cholmley was so kind as to call this morning; and as I happened to be alone, we had a very comfortable chat together; and then Mrs. Thrale came in, and I had the pleasure of introducing them to each other. She is a woman of as much real delicacy as Mr. Jerningham (whom Lord Mulgrave calls a pink-and-white poet—for not only his cheeks, but his coat is pink) is a man of affected delicacy.'

Mrs. Siddons at a discount.—'Wednesday. At the desire of Miss F. Bowdler, we all went to the play, to see an actress she is doatingly fond of, Mrs. Siddons, in *Belvidera*; but instead of falling in love with her, we fell in love with Mr. Lee, who played *Pierre*—and so well! I did not believe such an actor existed, now our dear Garrick is gone; a better, except Garrick, never did I see—nor any one nearly equal to him—for sense, animation, looks, voice, grace—Oh, for every thing the part would admit—he is indeed delightful.'

Mr. Anstey, 'I cannot doubt, must sometimes be very agreeable; he could not else have written so excellent, so diverting, so original a satire. But he chooses to keep his talents to himself, or only to exert them upon very particular occasions. Yet what he can call particular I know not; for I have seen him with Mrs. Montagu, with Mrs. Thrale, with the Bishop of Peterborough, and with Lord Mulgrave; and four more celebrated folks for their

abilities can hardly be found. Yet, before them all he has been the same as when I have seen him without any of them—shyly important, and silently proud!'

Of Mrs. Thrale herself, after some acquaintance, we are told:—

'She is a most dear creature, but never restrains her tongue in any thing, nor, indeed, any of her feelings:—she laughs, cries, scolds, sports, reasons, makes fun, does every thing she has an inclination to do, without any study of prudence, or thought of blame; and pure and artless as is this character, it often draws both herself and others into scrapes, which a little discretion would avoid.'

With this we conclude; only observing, that the description of the effects of the riots of '80, at Bath and throughout the country, is curious enough, and would form a tolerable appendix to *Barnaby Rudge*. Before shutting the book, however, we may also indicate the different tone between speaking and writing in 1780 and 1840. Of her own father, Miss B. says:—

'I now come to last Saturday evening, when my beloved father came to Chesington, in full health, charming spirits, and all kindness, openness, and entertainment.' And Mrs. Thrale thus writes to the authoress:—'My lovely Burney will believe that I have lost the use of my fingers, or that I never employ them in writing to her but when they are shaking with agony. \* \* \* Adieu, dearest, loveliest Burney, write to me kindly, think of me partially, come to me willingly, and dream of me if you will; for I am, as you well know, ever yours, H. L. T.'

The Mr. Gwatkin mentioned p. 153, is, we presume, the 'young gentleman' who married Sir Joshua's niece; and is still living, together with his interesting lady, at Plymouth, where they possess some of the artist's finest pictures, as we witnessed on a recent visit.

To repeat the hint, that we think this publication likely to take its place in libraries by the side of Walpole and Boswell, is its due, notwithstanding its superfluities, and the best recommendation we can give it.

*Pharmaceutical Journal and Transactions. No. VII.*

Edited by Jacob Bell. Lond. J. Churchill. *The Lancet. No. X.* Edited by Mr. Wakley, M.P. Lancet Office, London.

*The Chemist; or, Reporter of Chemical Discoveries, &c. No. XXV.* Edited by Charles and John Watt. London, R. Hastings.

THE quarrelsomeness of the medical profession is proverbial. The principal of a learned university once remarked to us, that three-fourths of the time of the sittings of the *senatus academicus* were spent in squabbles among the medical faculty; and were our legislature to occupy itself with the task of pleasing all who do belong, and who wish to belong, to the profession, it would be a Herculean task—a real cleansing of the Augean stables.

The Pharmaceutical Society was originally established, as it itself acknowledges, to protect the rights of the chemist and druggist, which it proposes to do by a method not uncommon among litigants—invading another's territory. But even this is done under a fence; for, in the present Number, the laws and constitution of the society are published, and in such a manner that no fault can be found with them; while in the body of the work there is an article on the definition of the term 'chemist and druggist,' which, if admitted, would create a new, unjust, and exorbitant monopoly.

The pharmacist demands as one of his

rights a certain quantity of medical practice, called counter-practice, which, with a spirit of liberality, we have, with proper education, been willing to grant him; but having this, he insists that no surgeon or apothecary, in fact, no visiting medical man, shall be a chemist or druggist. We will not stop to shew the extreme absurdity of this, which is equivalent to saying that an artist shall not sell his pictures, an author his books, or a flymaker shall not catch fish; but will shew that the two fundamental positions taken by the society are incompatible. Thus it announces that "the term chemist and druggist shall be held to mean a person who has been apprenticed to, or regularly educated by, a vender of drugs or dispenser of medicines." By their own admitting, this definition includes the apothecary (No. VII. p. 330), and consequently if a surgeon or physician has been apprenticed to an apothecary, also such surgeon and physician; yet, in the very next and fundamental proposition, they add, "but who does not profess to act as a visiting apothecary or surgeon!"

Superadded to its inconsistency, there is a strange piece of assumption in this proceeding, when a body of men thus seek to invade the domains of a long-established profession, and, at the same time, to deprive that profession of the rights obtained by pupilage, apprenticeship, education, and examinations: for, according to this system of monopoly, an apprentice to a chemist and druggist may study and raise himself to the rank of surgeon; but if so, he loses the rights gained by his apprenticeship!—this is one of the many attempts observed in corporations and societies to put a tax on merit;—while an apothecary, whose hermaphrodite nature is his very existence, is to be shorn of one-half of his fair proportions; and what then will remain for him?—for without his drugs he is neither surgeon nor physician.

But let us turn to the history of all this complicated litigation as unfolded in the *Lancet* (No. X.). It is therein briefly yet clearly shewn, that it is a crusade in which the College of Physicians has taken the field, in conjunction with a trading class of the community, against the general practitioners of this empire. It is quite clear that the combination of surgeon, apothecary, and chemist, now so common, or of surgeon and chemist equally so, is calculated to infringe upon the province of the physician. His mode of self-defence is, then, to procure a law that chemists and druggists shall not be apothecaries or surgeons. And all who are merely chemists and druggists can be easily brought over to join heart and hand in procuring this desirable state of things: first, by the promise of a small quantity of practice; secondly, by the thinning that it will cause in their ranks, by driving out of them all the apothecaries and surgeons—in fact, all the educated—to make way for the uneducated.

So far, good: but what will the general reader—the calm, philosophic, and disinterested contemplator of society in its various phases—say to all this? That it is amusing—that is, in his kindest mood. We fear, if he said the truth, he would acknowledge these bickerings, jealousies, and greedy combats of a so much overgrown profession are unworthy of humanity, still more so of an educated and refined body of men.

Although we cannot go so far as the *Chemist* does in the Number of that excellent journal now before us, and say, that the speedy and total extinction of the Pharmaceutical Society is at hand, still it is certain that unless they confine themselves to what are announced as, and what ought to be, their chief objects, the

public will ultimately lose the advantages of a praiseworthy and useful institution, and they themselves will meet with a most painful humiliation.

*The School for Wives.* By the Authoress of "Temptation; or, a Wife's Perils." 3 vols. H. Colburn.

A POETICAL preface, from which we take a few verses, gives, as is usual, an insight into the intents and purposes of the writer:—

"In these exploding, steaming days,  
When to ensure or puff or praise,  
One must not stop nor falter;  
When misses seem to wish there were  
In shares, at any price per share,  
A railroad to the altar;—

I know not how this simple tale  
May suit the fashion, or prevail  
In general estimation;  
I can but leave it to its fate,  
And, since the world all speculate,  
I'll have my speculation.

Sometimes, I own, I greatly fear  
My gentle heroine may appear  
To many tame and dull;  
She's neither talented nor great,  
Nor born to an immense estate,  
Nor even beautiful.

Simple and quiet as her name,  
A splendid match is not her aim,  
Nor does she seek to rise  
To rank, or wealth, or power on earth—  
Such things to one are little worth,  
Whose hope is in the skies.

'What! have you made her, then, a saint?'  
Some fair one cries, about to faint  
At such a dreadful book—  
'A wiser thing you would have done,  
To wed her to the younger son  
Of some expiring duke.

You might have made her love him long,  
Through persecution, grief, and wrong,  
(The youngest of four brothers);  
She should have brav'd for him the loss  
Of wealth, and call'd it dirty dress:  
(You could have kill'd the others).

You might have made her soul divine,  
Her face angelic—figure fine—  
Her foot so wondrous small,  
As to produce a pleasing doubt,  
How she contriv'd to walk about,  
Or if she walk'd at all!

You should have made her judgment clear,  
Her talents great—*cela va sans dire*—  
Her poetry sublime;  
Sometimes she should compose a sonnet  
With ease, whilst putting on her bonnet,  
Just to beguile the time.

There should about her, too, have been  
A something shadowy and unseen,  
Byronic and intense;  
A height of soul—a depth of passion—  
Join'd to an air of striking fashion,  
And singular good sense."

Alas! I fear that I must be  
Matter of fact; for what I see  
I cannot choose but write!  
I would that *Nature's self* should rule  
My 'School for Wives,' as every school,  
With her own purest light.

I look around me, and where'er  
I turn, lo! grief and joy are there,  
Ming'd in various measure;  
No stainless virtue can I find,  
No faultless form, no perfect mind,  
No pure, undying pleasure."

We find, however, no like strain in the succeeding prose, which is more matter of fact and serious throughout than we should have expected from the playful tone of the above.

The burden of the tale is love—love in different phases, it is true, but still love. Love for her children has, in the opening pages, borne the mother up "amidst hardships and privations of no ordinary kind, and all the infirmities of a frame enfeebled by long disease;" and then "it seemed as though she could endure on, as long as her children re-

quired her support, as long as their lot in life seemed likely to be adverse; but when once she saw they could do without her, when once she saw all fair and prosperous for them, she could bear up no longer; and, though every care was bestowed upon her which anxious affection could suggest, every luxury heaped around her which money could procure, she still gradually pined away, and at last sank into that grave which had been so long yawning to receive her." Love for a sister wronged, lays the young soldier, beloved of all, in an early grave; love, destitute of principle and honour, consigns to long years of remorse and misery its votaries—Sidney Gower and Julia Curzon—love (and sorrow) softens the proud spirit and conquers the bad temper of the second heroine; love brings back the injured husband to love and peace once more; love contemned chastens, purifies, and exalts the spirit of the sweet heroine; love (in the form of a worthy lover) rescues her from the grave by means of a homoeopathic doctor; love unites and makes all, perfected by love, happy, as the tale closes. We need scarcely say that the gentle touches of a woman's pen are visible: who but a woman can portray the delicate forms of woman's love?

The following sketch, detailing lasting and minute impressions on the mind, even when absorbed in sorrow, is well and truly given:—  
"It was strange—and she often thought of it in after-years, when she recollected, with a shuddering and fearful distinctness, the sensations of that dreadful night—the indelible impression that had been made upon her mind by the most trivial outward circumstances, which she had hardly seemed to notice at the time. The pattern of the carpet—she never forgot the peculiar shapes of the rings within rings that composed it—nor something resembling the profile of a countenance in one of the corners—nor the position of every separate piece of the fringe around the rug—some straight, like erect human figures tied round the middle—some bending forwards, some leaning towards each other—they were all as clearly pictured to her mind's eye, years afterwards, as though she saw them still. She remembered, too, tracing in fancy some faint marks on the wall over and over again, and fixing her eyes upon a dark spot upon the cornice, and wondering how it came there, and what it was; and measuring internally the different sizes of the panels on the mahogany doors. All this she remembered distinctly afterwards; but, at the time, she was conscious of none of it—she felt nothing but her grief. The idea haunted her, that her time was precious—that on the morrow *he* would be taken from her—and then, indeed, they would be parted for ever. And though she knew that the senseless form enclosed within that coffin was unconscious of her caresses, still, with the fond incredulity peculiar to grief, she felt a kind of comfort in lavishing upon it those endearing words and tender caresses which she would have bestowed upon her living brother."

The imperious beauty is also well drawn: "Every thing in this world is judged of by comparison; and there were few, very few, who could bear to be compared with the beautiful Florence Bouverie, whose features, complexion, and figure, were all so faultless, that the severest critic would have been puzzled to find any one point which could be improved. She was just a person about whose appearance there could not be two opinions. Even those who liked her least, could not deny her singular beauty; and, though some might accuse her of a bad expression, others might say that

she had none at all, and by far the greater number, that she bore in her countenance such marks of a proud and overbearing spirit, as completely to mar the effect of her beauty; still no one denied that she was handsome, and no one was better aware of it than herself. She gloried in it, and was not ashamed to own that she did so. She would frequently quote a speech of Mr. —, the celebrated artist, who had taken her picture, and who had once told her, that never, in all his experience, had he met with a more beautiful study than she was; so exquisite were her features, so perfect the shape of her head. No one could with truth accuse her of want of expression. There were times, indeed, when it would have been better she had none, than that which flashed from her large dark eyes, and spread like an angry cloud over her features; but then she had brighter moments, when all looked joyous and sparkling, and it was like basking in a ray of sunshine but to behold her countenance. She was not generally popular, though some few whom she condescended to like were unable to resist the peculiar fascination she could exercise when she pleased. She was generally believed to be both proud and violent; but some of those who knew her best could, had they chosen it, have betrayed that these were not her only infirmities of temper. They could have told of fits of gloom, which sometimes lasted for days together, and, like a contagion, infected every one with whom she came in contact; of selfishness so irresistible, that, by the very force of its own excess, it compelled all others to yield to it, and thus grew and strengthened from day to day, by its own indulgence; of resentment after any affront real or fancied, which could not be forgotten, till it had been satisfied with retaliation of some kind. In short, there were many who might have betrayed that Florence Bouverie, with all her beauty, and talent, and fascination, exercised (involuntarily perhaps, but still exercised) a tyranny over her father's house, as terrible and despotic as that under which she herself laboured—the tyranny of a bad temper."

As even slight blemishes are worth pointing out, we remark a passage in the second vol. where the friends of Susan hope 'she may love again—the authoress says, "Alas, they knew her not!"—compared with the *dénoûment*, this is an error—it is a deceit against the reader too; and as the writer has higher views than mere novel-writing, we mention such specks in kindness, and in the hope of inducing careful correction of the press in any future work.

*The School for Wives* doubtless will be generally read by our fair friends, both by those who may have recently assumed the dignity of, and by those who may be about to become "wives."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage of Great Britain and Ireland; including the Junior Branches of the Nobility, and all the Titled Classes. Second Year.* By C. R. Dodd, Esq., author of "The Parliamentary Companion." 12mo, pp. 482. Whittaker and Co.

WHAT an age we live in, when it requires the utmost conciseness to include in a closely printed, double-columned, small-typed volume of nearly five hundred *p*-ages all the peerages, baronetages, and knightages, with whom we people of all ages, untitled, are mixed or almost surrounded! The numbers are great; and what with hereditary rank, and distinctions acquired by military and naval service, by diplomacy, by

civil and official appointment and length of days, by the church, by the law, by physic (not so many), by the arts (a few), by literature (fewer), by wealth, by civic and corporate functionality, by political jobbery, and by accident (as the Jew said of the silver candlesticks found in his pantaloons-pockets)—it is impossible to say that we are not a well-man-aged people. On looking over Mr. Dodd's excellent and much-improved "second year,"—for every succeeding year greatly improves such works in the care of diligent and efficient editors,—we could not help indulging in a morbid feeling when we thought on the inevitable end to which all this list of human vanity and ambition tended.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave,"

as Gray has written; but the mere humbler paths of stars, ribands, and titles, lead to so speedy an oblivion as to be worthless in the eye of philosophy. We glanced at the names of the "right honourable the privy council." Forty years of the nineteenth century have sped, and where are the brightest of its ornaments at the close of the preceding age? Lord Cathcart, the Duke of Cumberland, Thomas Grenville, Lord Harrowby, Lord Macclesfield, Lord Sidmouth, Lord Wellesley, and Lord Westminster, are all that remain: "O Lord," they might say, in lowly and thankful accents, "there are Eight of us!"

But this homily is out of place, especially as we do not observe one instance of an undertaker being ennobled, or even knighted. Warriors are for killing, but there is no honour in burying; artists are for sculpturing monuments, but those who furnish the actual subjects are strangely neglected. The sword and the chisel quite eclipse the spade and shovel.

Of Mr. Dodd's new work, suffice it to say that it comes down to the latest date with every point it undertakes to explain, and has added new features of consonant information relating to the junior branches of the nobility, foreign titles recognised in England, &c., which increase the claims of his labours upon public patronage. We have found them valuable for reference on all occasions.

*The Ladies' Flower-Garden of Ornamental Perennials. Part I.* By Mrs. Loudon. London, W. Smith.

UNIFORM with her annuals and bulbous flowers, Mrs. Loudon has naturally gone on to perfect her beautiful task, by treating of, and figuring, the classes of fibrous-rooted Perennials and Biennials. Instead of Lindley's system, heretofore adopted in the arrangement, she has in this division followed that of Decandolle, in accordance with the practice of our botanical schools. The plates are sweetly pretty, and exhibit the clematis, hepatica, pulsatilla, anemone, and a few other favourite ornaments of the garden (such as we may soon expect to see) in all their gay freshness and variety of colour.

*The Penny Magazine of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. New Series, Vol. I. C. Knight. 1841.*

THIS new Series is very like the old—a very various miscellany, and full of woodcuts. We presume there is still a great demand for publications of the class, which do a certain good; though, from their character, they are apt to confuse the minds of readers by the multitude of their subjects, rather than inform them by steady instruction on a few. In fact, they are mostly amusing, and serve their weekly end admirably for a penny; and their mixed con-

tents being soon forgotten, there need be no termination of the line henceforward, any where, every where, and for ever.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ADEN.

*A short Camp-Residence in the Valley of Aden; exhibiting an Outline of its present Aspect and Condition. By Capt. Mignan, 1st Bombay European Regiment.*

THE commissariat supplies are excellent and abundant. Capt. L. McIntyre (commissariat-agent) has laboured as indefatigably as successfully to secure from the interior a never-failing store for the use of the troops, and of every description, especially vegetables, such as onions, radishes, brinjals, &c., of which I daily saw several camel-loads arrive. To this officer we are indebted for an importation of oxen from the Abyssinian coast, which were very fine animals. Some were trained to the yoke, and employed in drawing the engineer-carts on the road between Steamer-point and cantonments. Beef is of an excellent quality, but scarce, and high-priced. Cows are driven in from Lahedge and the surrounding villages; they sell for eight and ten German crowns, and yield an abundance of milk. The butter is superior to any I ever tasted in India. Sheep with enormous tails, from which they derive their sustenance when other sources fail them, are brought over from Berberah in vast flocks, but do not thrive for any length of time, though if killed shortly after their importation are fat and well flavoured. Goats and kids are numerous and low-priced. Fowls are plentiful, being bought for a dollar a dozen. The common blue pigeons are nearly as numerous as in other parts of Arabia; doves less so. Gazelles are brought from the desert, where both the male and female are armed with splendid antlers—a fact opposed to the assertions of many naturalists, who have declared that the male only is thus arrayed. The camel of Yemen is small, and decidedly inferior to those reared on the plains of Mesopotamia: they have been sold to the officers for twenty dollars each. Although the demand for horses has been very great, the supply is as yet most miserable, especially those brought from Abyssinia, which are invariably gelded, and undersized. Any dealer would find it a good speculation to embark a fair batch from Muskat: the voyage to Aden could be performed in the course of a few days in the proper season. The camp-bazar also is becoming extensive and well arranged, under the management of Capt. Stiles of the 1st Bombay European Regiment; and the thoroughfares, which on my arrival were literally choked with bestial filth, are now cleaner, and less marked by certain symptoms of neglect and ruin. Myriads of rats have colonised in all the huts, but more particularly in the barracks, where a soldier's cap or jacket is eaten, if not digested, in the course of a single night. Scorpions infest the peninsula, and attain a prodigious size. Snakes are occasionally seen in the officers' houses, and amongst the refuse of dwellings: they are said to be innocuous; one caught in the house of Major Cumming was examined by Assistant-Surgeon Malcolmson, and found innocent. Lizards are very numerous beneath the thatched roofs and matting of all the buildings throughout the lines, and of so great a length as to be frequently mistaken for less harmless land amphibia. Several shops have recently been opened by Parsee and Mahomedan merchants from Bombay, containing cheap goods, of the newest patterns, which, in flash advertising-lists, are offered to the Adenites at a handsome



discount for "ready money." Messrs. Sorabjee, Dorabjee, Eduljee, Bhimjee, Bhumjee, and a host of other jees, are doing business here in a fair and liberal style, and to their entire satisfaction, charging a good price, and giving a good article. A few other shops, combining the attributes of cafés and cabarets, have likewise commenced a large field of business to visitors of all creeds and countries, who may be heard proclaiming that

"Arrack cures the gout, the cholera, and the phthisis,  
And is of all things the very best of physic."

Some of these gifted sons of song, if not "licensed to be drunk on the premises," are not unfrequently seen "Bacchi plena," hauling to windward those zealous votaries of Venus and Somnus, the police of the "town division." From a settled population of only 600, when first visited by Captain Haines, Aden has increased to about 10,000 inhabitants—happy to throw aside the dagger and the spear, and happier still to escape from the paralyzing yoke of chieftains who themselves are slaves!

The climate of Aden is remarkable for its perpetual summer; one eternal sunshine reigns around and above. The changes of the seasons, so distinctly marked along the coasts of India, do not extend across either to the Abyssinian or Arabian shores. A cloudy day is an agreeable variety; rain seldom falls; but the dews are occasionally very heavy. During the months of June, July, and August, heavy clouds steal over the precipitous sides of Shumshau's naked cliffs, and invest that gloomy mountain with a white vapoury shroud, which completely obscures its fissured and shattered peaks. The startling gust at length arrives, reverberating from rock to rock, and hurling upon the cantonment dark clouds of drifting sand and pebbles. Such is the tremendous force of these eddying winds, that the strongest tents are blown to shreds, and the enduring dromedary dares scarcely face them. The shades of evening allay these suffocating blasts, which are succeeded by a dead calm, when the most oppressive heat prevails. Throughout the night the climate of the Arabian desert reigns supreme; and ere the *réveilée* sounds, and the red glow of the eastern sky has heralded the rising sun, the echoes of this "hill of winds" are heard again. The surrounding masses of black volcanic rock, which are exposed to the heating power of the sun's rays, can scarcely be touched by the naked hand; and the effects produced by the radiation of heat thrown out of the surface of the earth, unprotected as it is by tree or herbage, are most exhausting. When Fahrenheit's thermometer ranges between 95° and 100°, the atmospheric effect upon the feeling is so great as to induce a belief that the heat is much greater than the true temperature. As an instance that the thermometer in these parts is no criterion of the feelings, I can state, that on the 22d of May, 1841, when returning to India on board the schooner George the Fourth, during the passage through the gulf of Aden, near the African coast, we experienced light easterly airs, and so severe were the effects of solar radiation, that the helmsman fainted at the wheel, and the ship's cook was compelled to suspend his culinary avocations *in toto*. The thermometer, however, in the cabin did not rise above 96° during the day, nor sink below 90° at night. I remember also that during the forced march of my own regiment from Poonah towards Bombay in April 1837, the power of solar radiation was so great, that on our halting-ground at the first stage, Panowlee, the thermometer attained an elevation of 108°, at eleven o'clock in the morning,

in our large mess-tent, which had two fires or roofs, but only single walls. As we expected to embark for service at Mangalore, we marched down to Panwell in three short days, the distance being upwards of seventy-one miles from our lines. The officers did not suffer; but we buried many of our best and oldest soldiers. At Aden, in the month of April, a naked thermometer rose at three o'clock in the afternoon to 105° in a subaltern's single-poled tent, which I then occupied, and to 140° in the sun's rays, and beneath a cloudless sky; but to what degree it would have risen had it been exposed for any considerable time to the heating power of the sun's rays, I am not prepared to say. Eggs might have been baked in the ground, and a beefsteak cooked to suit the palate of the most fastidious epicure. When the Arabians speak of the heat of Aden, they say, "It rains fire." But this extreme heat does not occur regularly every year. If one season is cooler than the preceding, the following year will pay up the balance with awful interest. If there be any exceptions to the theory of Daniell, that the sun has a greater heating power near the Polar regions than the equator, the locality of Aden should form one. Nevertheless, it must be borne in mind that the soil here is hotter than the air, and that a thermometer placed in contact with the earth, or upon a rock, must raise the instrument to a higher degree than the true power of solar radiation alone would do. It is, however, remarkable that even at this season of the year the mortality amongst the European troops is less than it is at Bombay, Poonah, Ahmednager, or any of our best stations in Western India; and the number of sick in the regimental hospitals does not often exceed six to every hundred men: during my stay in Aden the admissions of patients in the hospital were below this number. In January last (1841), the state of health amongst the European and native troops was as follows:—Actual strength of the wing of her Majesty's Sixth or Royal Fife Warwickshire Regiment, 270—in hospital, 11; actual strength of the head-quarter wing of the First Bombay European Regiment, 305—in hospital, 11; actual strength of the detachment of the Second Battalion of European Foot Artillery, 121—in hospital, 7; actual strength of the Tenth Regiment of Bombay Native Infantry, 769—in hospital, 48; actual strength of the right wing of the Sixteenth Regiment of Bombay Native Infantry, 298—in hospital, 11; giving a grand total of only 88 sick out of 1763 men—a far smaller number than the monthly hospital-returns from the healthiest station under the Bombay presidency would exhibit. It appears from the last monthly numerical return from Aden, dated May 1, 1841, that out of fifty-three commissioned officers stationed there, only one (Lieutenant Blankely, of her Majesty's Sixth Royal Regiment) was seriously indisposed. The distributive roll of troops composing the Aden field-force, dated May 1, 1841, exhibits European Artillery, 92—sick in hospital, 4; Goulondauze, or Native Artillery, 90—sick in hospital, none; Wing of her Majesty's Sixth Foot, 254—sick, 14; First Bombay European Regiment, 289—sick, 9; Tenth Regiment Native Infantry, 753—sick, 51; Right wing of the Sixteenth Regiment Native Infantry, 296—sick, 3; Bombay Engineers and Pioneers, 110—sick, 5; Gun-lascars, 48—sick, none: giving a grand total of 1932 men, and only 86 hospital patients. Notwithstanding this small proportion of sick, a cry is raised aloud proclaiming Aden one of the most unhealthy stations in the East, than

which, judging from the foregoing official returns, there is not a healthier position in any part of the Bombay presidency as regards the "corpore sano," though the "mens sana" cannot possibly be enjoyed, so long as it is considered necessary to withhold from the officers of the garrison the indulgence of a few days' leave to alleviate that heaviness of spirit and weariness of soul which seizes upon them, and renders an Aden residence so stale, flat, and unprofitable. The stagnant puddle of existence requires to be stirred and freshened by the chase, the danger of war, the fever of ambition, or the hope of regimental or staff promotion; but neither the chase, nor even war, are within the reach of the officers composing the field-force at Aden. On the countenances of nearly all I met, *ennui*, deep-seated, almost uneradicable *ennui*, was expressed in the most legible characters. That which *Anglice* is styled comfort, is impossible to possess at present; if such really does exist at Aden, it degenerates into downright stagnation. Moreover, the opportunities of receiving supplies from India "are few and far between." For nine long months only one transport-ship (the William) was despatched from Bombay, and she so deeply laden with public stores as to preclude the possibility of private agents embarking any supplies either for messes or individuals. Transit by the native boats is always extremely hazardous and uncertain. Pale ale from Hoggson's or Allsopp's breweries, and claret from Carbonell's cellar, are special requisites for a camp-residence at Aden.

If it be absolutely necessary to continue the withholding of all liberty, an annual relief of the troops from the three presidencies in rotation should be effected.

It is devoutly to be hoped, however, that ere long, the *ennui* so severely felt amidst these volcanic hills will give place to a relaxation of spirit, and that the military commandant be vested with a discretionary power of granting leave to the officers of the force so as to permit them to partake of the magnificent field-sports, if only for a day or two, on the opposite or Abyssinian coast, where the people are so favourably disposed towards us, and where the officers of the Indian navy serving on the station have repeatedly made sporting-excursions to the infinite delight of all who joined them. With regard to the present state of the country on the Aden or the Arabian coast, one tribe alone (the Foothlees) appear hostile; but measures might easily be adopted to pacify and render them the most civil of our neighbours.

When I was employed in Turkish Arabia, about sixteen years ago, Daoud, pasha of Bagdad, received a complaint against the incursions of the all-powerful Montifikhs, who were eternally attacking the rich caravans as they traversed the desert towards the gates of that city. His highness invited the chief, or sheik of the tribe, to visit him, and reside at his court; adding these words to the invitation—"If you come not, I can send those who will fetch you." The sheik was most obedient; and the subsequent demeanour of his tribe towards the pasha, and those who journeyed to the capital of his highness, was superlatively courteous and obliging.

From the health-returns already quoted, it will be observed that the native troops crowd their hospital; nevertheless, I am disposed to think there is nothing to create any serious alarm, even amongst this branch of the garrison. *En passant*, I may mention what was related to me by an old officer at Aden. When it was made known that the Bombay govern-

ment had considerably permitted the married sepoys to send to India for their wives, who could each earn eight rupees a month for grinding grain at the public store-department, a miraculous change was wrought upon some of the less hypocondriacal subjects, who then discovered that the "locanda" was not to be despised; and if ever an emergency arose, and it became necessary to revisit Hindoostan, it was certain there could be no deficiency of means for the accomplishment of the journey on the "shortest notice." That the sepoy suffers severely from *la maladie du pays*, there can be no question—his habits, recollections, and peculiar way of living in India, occasion painful reflections at being severed from them. As assertions have been made to the contrary, it is as well to state that the sepoys have, or rather had whilst I was in Aden, a very regular supply of vegetables, and their rations were not only of a good quality, but most abundant. Indeed, I heard it asserted, on the best authority, that articles which they had fastidiously rejected, were most thankfully taken by the European soldiers. Ulcers, however, are very prevalent during the hot months; but there are comparatively few cases as the temperature declines, and fewer still would exist if the patient, when in hospital, could be kept under the same regimen and restraint as the British soldier, and prevented gorging himself with every description of bazar trash, so frequently offered by his wife or children when the apothecary is out of sight. Amongst a vast variety of fish found all along the coast, a coarse kind is very plentiful and very cheap, of which the sepoys eat large quantities. It possesses as much nourishment as the sole of an old shoe.

The entire peninsula abounds with fish, which affords the Arabs a most plentiful supply of food at all seasons; but they are inferior in flavour to those taken in the gulf of Persia, and on the coasts of India. The natives say that during one period of the year many are diseased, and those who eat of them likely to be infected with cutaneous disorders. At Muskat, the fish are said to be unfit for the table during the month of January; notwithstanding which the natives eat them in a fresh, salted, or even in a state of putrefaction, and are seldom affected. But, seriously speaking, the Arabs will feed and find nourishment on poisons: nothing appears to affect them; and being of an amphibious nature, and as much at home in the water as on the land, they are the most exquisite swimmers and divers in the East. For the exertions of the ichthyologist, Aden offers a boundless field: dolphins, porpoises, bone-sharks, rock, sword, and saw-fish, flying-fish, parrot-fish, doctor-fish, seer-fish, glass-eels, and innumerable other tribes, including myriads of small shoal-fish, abound along the coast. The grampus has been seen in the gulf of Persia; and the South-Sea whale also has been frequently met with towards the entrance of the gulf of Aden, where small herds occur, though not sufficiently numerous to attract the occasional visits of the English whaler. The geographical range of the whale-tribe must, indeed, be most extensive. One of the most curious spectacles I remember to have witnessed here was seen also by my friend Major Cumming. While watching the motions of the small pelican, the reef-bird, and some flocks of other sea-birds, which were hovering over, and diving into the bosom of eastern or front bay, our attention was suddenly attracted to a line stretching across the surface of the water, which resembled a long low reef, with the sea gently rippling over it. This ripple

was caused by the rush of some monster in its rapid passage along the bay, which was similar to that of a ship's mast, or other huge spar, when forcibly projected through the sea. From the velocity with which it moved, we both concluded that it was a submarine animal, which appeared considerably more than thirty feet in length. It shewed no fin, neither did it rise above the surface, nor spout; but held a direct and rapid course, at a short distance from the sea-shore, towards western bay, until a headland obscured it from our view. Judging from the amazing rapidity with which it shot past the island of Seerah; its passage through the water could not have been less than at a rate of forty miles per hour!

(To be continued.)

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### THE NIGER EXPEDITION.

WE have very few particulars of any moment to add to the melancholy intelligence relating to the Niger Expedition given, exclusively, in our last *Gazette*.

The *Ethiope* steamer, in which Capt. Becroft did such essential service to humanity, is a trader belonging to Mr. Jamieson of Liverpool, who had generously issued instructions to the masters of his vessels on the coast, to afford every assistance in their power to the officers and crews engaged in exploring the river. It is worthy of remark, that Capt. Becroft himself (and probably, from what they perform, the majority of his shipmates) seem to be perfectly secure from the attacks of the Niger fever, and to move up and down amid the fatal malaria with perfect impunity.

The *Wilberforce* arrived at Ascension on the 17th Nov., after a tedious passage of more than five weeks, from Fernando Po.

The *Albert*, it seems, did make a brief and desperate effort to ascend the Niger; and between Sept. 21st and 28th got as high up as Egga, little more than 50 miles above the confluence with the Tchadda, and about 320 from the sea. On October 4th the condition of the crew was so hopeless, that her prow was reluctantly but imperatively turned towards the coast. On the 9th she passed the confluence, and on the 12th reached Eboe, having, on her way, taken on board the sick whites from the colony or settlement. Here, Mr. Kingdon, clerk of the Soudan, who was brought from the farm, died. King Obi furnished supplies of wood with great alacrity; and on the 13th the providential arrival of Capt. Becroft, as we mentioned last week, in all probability saved all that remained of our afflicted countrymen, twenty-eight of whom were landed at Clarence Cove, and received all the nursing and attention their sufferings required.

Since writing the foregoing, Captain Trotter has arrived in London, and his Reports been published in the newspapers. They confirm, in most points, the intelligence we were enabled to give exclusively in the last No. of the *Literary Gazette*; and also correct a few minor particulars, and supply some further information, which will be found in the following extracts and notes:—

"Sir,—I have only time, on landing from the *Warre* merchant-schooner (in order to save a post), to beg you will inform the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty of my arrival from Fernando Po, which I left on the 23d of November, at the recommendation of the medical officers, for the re-establishment of my health. Although now almost entirely recovered, tendency to attacks of ague make it advisable that

I should not travel by night; but I hope to be able to report myself at the Admiralty the day after to-morrow at furthest. I regret to be obliged to report the death of Lieut. Stenhouse, Mr. Woodhouse, assistant-surgeon, and Mr. Wilmot, clerk of the *Albert*, and one seaman and a marine belonging to the same ship, since I last wrote to their lordships, on the 25th of October—besides a seaman of the *Soudan*, on the passage home with me from Africa; but the remainder of the crew of the *Albert*, I am happy to say, were all getting better, and are by this time, I hope, safely arrived at Ascension.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

Liverpool, Jan. 25. H. D. TROTTER, Capt. To the Secretary of the Admiralty."

From the despatch dated Fernando Po, October 15, we need only copy the subjoined.

When the *Wilberforce* began her descent from the Confluence, Capt. Trotter says:—

"As there was still an engineer quite well on board the *Albert*, and another convalescent, and I considered the ship in other respects quite able to continue longer up the river,—and as Dr. M'William, the surgeon, thought the fever, when we reached higher up the stream, might probably assume a milder character, and the change of air might soon restore the patients still remaining on board, who were not desirous of going in the *Wilberforce* to the sea,—and it being of importance to reach Rabah this year, to finish the chain of treaties with chiefs on the banks of the Niger,—I deemed it my duty to try the experiment; and accordingly I weighed at the same time with the *Wilberforce*, on the 21st of September: and the *Albert* proceeded up the river, while she moved down.

"The cases of sickness, however, continued to increase, till at length, when we got to Egga, on the 28th of September, the only remaining engineer was taken ill; and no officers, excepting Dr. M'William, Mr. Willie, mate, and myself, were free from fever. We continued wooding and preparing to return down the river till the 4th October, when I was myself seized with fever, and Mr. Willie a day or two afterwards.

"On the 5th of October Mr. Willie weighed and dropped down the river, but was soon prevented by sickness from carrying on duty; and Dr. M'William, assisted by only one white seaman, lately recovered from fever, took charge of the vessel; not thinking it right, in my state of fever, to report Mr. Willie's illness.

"From want of engineers, we should have had to drop down the whole length of the river without steam, had not Dr. Stanger,\* the geologist, in the most spirited manner, after consulting Tredgold's work on steam, and getting some little instruction from the convalescent engineer, undertaken to work the engine himself. The heat of the engine-room affected the engineer so much as to throw him back in his convalescence, and prevent him rendering any further assistance; but Dr. Stanger took the vessel safely below Eboe, without anything going wrong with the machinery; while Dr. M'William, in addition to his enormous press of duty as a medical officer, conducted the ship down the river in the most able and judicious manner. I may here remark, that the Doctor steered the ship entirely by Commander William Allen's excellent chart of the Niger, of the correctness of which we had a good opportunity of judging on ascending the river, and which proved eminently useful on the passage down; and Mr. Brown, clerk, a native of Africa, who had been up the river before, also rendered him considerable assistance in the pilotage.

\* We ascribed this touching anecdote to M. Voegel, and now restore it to the lawful owner.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*



"When about 100 miles from the sea, Capt. Becroft happily made his appearance in the *Ethiope*," and conducted the vessel in safety to Clarence Cove, as we related. Captain Trotter proceeds:

"The morning after our arrival here, the sick were all landed in comfortable quarters, provided for the officers and men in the most kind and prompt manner by the agent of the West African Company; and we have reason to believe the climate to be healthy for the present. The air is cooler than the Niger by about 12 degrees. I omitted to mention, that off the bar of the Nun we met the *Soudan*, about to reascend the river, under charge of Lieut. Strange, in the absence of Lieut. Fishbourne, who had been sent sick to Ascension. She was in a very inefficient state, and returned with us to this anchorage. Mr. Strange is at present in charge of the *Albert*, as well as the *Soudan*; the officers of this ship of every rank being in sick quarters, with the exception of Mr. Mouat, assistant-clerk, doing duty at the hospital.

"I regret to state that, in addition to the loss of Mr. Nightingale, assistant-surgeon, and four seamen, as mentioned in my letter of the 18th September, between the Confluence and Egga, Mr. Lodge, the second engineer,\* threw himself overboard in a fit of delirium, and was drowned; and that afterwards two seamen and one marine of this ship died, and Mr. Kingdon, seamen's schoolmaster of the *Soudan*; and that Mr. Willie, mate, and the purser's steward, have died here since our arrival; and it is my painful duty to add, that the death of Commander Bird Allen, of the *Soudan*, has been this moment reported to me, and that Mr. D. H. Stenhouse, acting lieutenant of the *Albert*, is lying in a most precarious state. For several days after Mr. Willie was taken ill, he insisted occasionally upon getting out of his cot (which was on deck) and giving orders; and I fear the extra exertions of this zealous young officer contributed much to aggravate his case.

"I am happy to say there is a general improvement taking place in the remainder of the sick, with the exception of Dr. McWilliam and Mr. Woodhouse, assistant-surgeon, who have lately been taken ill, the latter with the 'river fever,' and Dr. McWilliam, it is feared, may prove to be so likewise; but these cases, I trust, will not prove severe, now that we are in a better and cooler climate. I hope all the patients will be so far improved, and the engineers so much recovered, as in a short time to be able to proceed with the *Albert* to Ascension.

"I call the disease the 'river fever,' because the surgeons report it to be of a nature that is not treated of in any work on the subject; and it has such peculiarities as they appear never before to have witnessed either in African or West Indian fever." This corroborates our statement on the subject, and is a fact of much importance.

Looking forward to other attempts in this fatal quarter,† Captain Trotter adds—

"It will be impossible for me to inform their lordships as to the efficiency of the expedition for future operations, until I can get to Ascension. I may, however, observe, that it will be found scarcely possible to officer and man more than one of the steam-vessels, unless assistance be sent from England, or obtained from the strength of the African squadron. As the *Ethiope* will probably go home in April next, I have obtained the promise of Captain Becroft

to leave his surgeon behind, if he can be spared, who would take an acting order as assistant-surgeon, and willingly go up the Niger again; and if he can spare his black engineer also, he will endeavour to induce him to remain out, with the view of joining the expedition.

"Could their lordships obtain assistant-surgeons and black engineers in England to volunteer for the expedition, it would be most desirable, as it is quite a contingency our obtaining the individuals alluded to belonging to the *Ethiope*. Dr. McWilliam is quite of opinion, as far as he can judge, that the Niger is not fit for white constitutions, and I shall take care to keep this in view when making arrangements at Ascension, so that the fewest possible number of white men may be continued in the steam-vessels.

"Captain Becroft, whose knowledge of the river exceeds that of any other person, is of opinion (and I quite concur with him on the subject) that the Niger should not be entered before the beginning of July, as it is doubtful whether the river will have sufficiently risen to insure the passage up without detention, so that their lordships may calculate upon the *Albert* and *Wilberforce* remaining at Ascension till the 1st of June.

"It will be necessary for one steam-vessel to go up the Niger next year, as I left the *Amelia* tender at the confluence of the Niger and the Tchadda, for the protection of the people of the model-farm. Not thinking it right to leave up the river any white person after the fatal sickness we had experienced, I placed the vessel in charge of a trustworthy black, with 12 other natives of Africa under him, all intelligent, steady men.

"Their lordships will remember that they gave permission for the utensils of the model-farm to be carried out by the expedition, which were landed at the desire of Mr. Can, the superintendent, at a spot which he selected for the site of the farm, situated immediately opposite to the Confluence; and as Mr. Can made a request for naval protection to his people in the absence of the steamers, which I considered very reasonable, I obtained volunteers to remain there in the *Amelia* before the *Albert* went to Egga; and on my return to the Confluence I was too ill to do duty, but Dr. McWilliam, at my desire, sent nine months' provisions on board, and cowries were left to buy several months' more. In our distressed state it would have been impossible to tow the *Amelia* down the river; but, independently of that consideration, it was, I conceive, necessary to leave a vessel for the protection of the farm-people.

"It is also very desirable that a vessel should get up to Rabbah, if possible, next year, not only to complete a series of treaties which have been already commenced, but to shew the people of Rabbah that a man-of-war can get up to their town; and the presence of one of Her Majesty's vessels there might, I conceive, have a beneficial effect in their future treatment of the Nufi nation, whom we found much oppressed by the Felatahs, and also tend much to the extinction of the slave-trade in the upper part of the Niger. This, however, cannot be determined upon till I meet my brother commissioners at Ascension.

"Should only one of the steamers ascend the Niger next year, I would prefer one of the larger ones to be selected, from their superior velocity and stowage.

"The following are the names of officers and men of the Niger expedition who have died between the 1st of September 1841 (the time of the vessels getting through the Delta of the

Niger, on the passage up, and of the first breaking out of the 'river fever' on board the *Soudan*), and the 25th October 1841. The list does not include any who may have died on the passage to Ascension in the *Dolphin* or *Wilberforce*.

*H.M. Steam-Vessels Albert, Wilberforce, and Soudan.*

NAMES.	RANK.	Date of Decease.
<b>ALBERT.</b>		
F. D. Nightingale	Assistant-surgeon	
G. B. Harvey	Acting-master	Died in the Wilberforce.
W. C. Willie	Mate	Oct. 18, 1841.
Albion Lodge	Second engineer	Oct. 7, 1841.
John Peglar	Armourer	Sept. 6, 1841.
George Powell	Cooper	Sept. 11, 1841.
John Burgess	Sailmaker's crew	Sept. 14, 1841.
James Robertson	Stoker	Sept. 17, 1841.
John Fuge	Ship's cook	Sept. 27, 1841.
George Symes	Caulker	Oct. 17, 1841.
Robert Millward	Purser's steward	Oct. 22, 1841.
Lewis J. Wolfe	Seamen's schoolmaster	Sept. 27, 1841; died in the Soudan.
<b>WILBERFORCE.</b>		
C. Wakeham	Purser	
Kneebone	A. B.	
Rablin	Sapper	
Fitzgerald	Stoker	
<b>SODAN.</b>		
Bird Allen	Commander	Oct. 25, 1841.
W. B. Marshall	Acting-surgeon	Sept. 21, 1841.
H. Coleman	Assistant-surgeon	
N. Waters	Clerk in charge	Sept. 22, 1841.
W. Levinge	Captain's steward	
J. Thomas	Carpenter's crew	Sept. 21, 1841.
C. Bigley	Stoker	Oct. 2, 1841.
W. Kingdon	Seamen's schoolmaster	Oct. 12, 1841; died in the Albert.

H. D. TROTTER, Captain."

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 24. W. R. Hamilton, Esq., president, in the chair.—1. A letter was read from Colonel Chesney, stating that he had received a letter from Col. Alderson of the engineers, mentioning the interesting fact, that a line of levels has been carried from Jaffa to the Dead Sea by Lieut. Symonds of the same corps. The work is said to have come out admirably, and the result is, that the Dead Sea is 1607 feet lower than the highest house in Jaffa, which, from the height of Jaffa above the Mediterranean, leaves a difference of 1400 feet between the two seas.

2. Extract of a letter from Capt. W. C. Symonds, dated Auckland, Oct. 4, 1841. Capt. Symonds says, that he had at length succeeded in making his way to the interior of the northern island of New Zealand; that he was preparing a chart, a short detail of his observations, and a vocabulary of nearly 3000 words, which, when completed, he would forward to the Geographical Society. He had traced the Waipa and Waicato rivers to their sources, as also the Thames; ascertained the sources of the Wanganui and Manawatu rivers, which flow into Cook's Straits; visited the twenty lakes which occupy a great portion of the central and north-east parts of the island, and ultimately inspected the chain of hot springs which runs across the island in a line from Mount Edgecombe in the Bay of Plenty, nearly S.W., to Mount Egmont, on the western coast. He says he had found the natives very different to what they are represented at home. When they have held no previous intimate communication with Europeans, they receive the traveller uniformly well (though he cannot say as much for those who have adopted some of the worst of our customs). They are fickle and capacious, and consequently very difficult to deal with. In their fits of anger they would rob, but never attack the person of an Eu-

\* We mentioned the fact, but were not aware of the name.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

† Which we trust, however, will only be tried through the medium of natives previously instructed in this country.—*Ed. L. G.*

ropean; and if they are avaricious and grinding in their bargains with any one possessing property, they are always hospitable and kind when one is utterly destitute. "I have never," adds the captain, "performed a journey yet, that I have not, on my return, been obliged to carry a load myself, besides leaving many useful articles behind, in consequence of not being able to get a sufficient number of natives to carry them."

3. A paper was then read from Sir J. Alexander, being a memoir of a map of the country west of the Rocky Mountains. From this paper it appears, that the American Fur Company has no ports to the west of the Rocky Mountains. The Hudson's Bay Company have the entire range of the waters of the Columbia, from the 54th parallel, the Russian boundary, and south towards California. The American Fur Company now confine their enterprises to the Rocky Mountains; and east of them, "An Anglo-Saxon colony," says Sir James, "might attain great prosperity on the north bank of the Columbia, when friendly relations are established with China. It appears from information received from Mr. D. Thompson, agent of the British North-West Company, that the mountains about the Flat Head river attain the immense elevation of 25,000 feet. The buffalo, it seems, never goes westward of the Rocky Mountains. East of the Trois Tétons, the Bighorn river, in lat. 44°, runs for forty miles through the mountains—the gap but just wide enough for the river, with a few exceptions, whilst precipices of 1000 feet enclose it on both sides. In 1826 J. S. Smith and J. Bridges, fur-traders, passed through on a raft; and Mr. Ashley constructed here skin-boats, and embarked his furs for St. Louis. South of the Trois Tétons, in about lat. 42°, is the notch in the Rocky Mountains, recently discovered (along the bank of the "Sweet Water," a branch of the North Platte), through which a wagon could be driven to the Pacific. This is a most important and valuable opening. According to the Trappers of Santa Fé, the country from the Colorado to the Arkansas and Platte is very mountainous, and the valleys small. Here, also, they report the existence of a tribe supposed to be the lost Welsh colony,\* and on this subject Sir James gives a curious account from the affidavit of a Welsh minister, Mr. M. Jones, of the manner in which the discovery was made. Mr. Bartlett, in whose possession the affidavit is, has just sent a very interesting memoir of 250 closely written pages on this last colony to the Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, a copy of which will be forwarded to the Geographical Society.

4. The next paper read was "Some desultory remarks upon three wandering tribes of Asia Minor, which have hitherto been indiscriminately termed Turkomans." These tribes are the Segbeyes, the Turkomans, and the Yoorucks.

5. A paper was also read, being a letter addressed to the president of the Society, by the Chevalier de Paravay, on the following three subjects:—the plateau of Pamer; the Kafirs of Pamer; and on figures of the Indian Boudha found at Uxmal in Yucatan.

The business of the evening being concluded, Mr. Murchison stated to the meeting that he had just received a letter from Baron Humboldt, in which he says, that in consequence of the nature of his duties about the person of his majesty the King of Prussia, and the very short stay of that monarch in England, he is com-

pelled to decline accepting an invitation to attend a public dinner to which it was proposed to invite him, whilst he thanks his scientific friends for this "noble manifestation of English kindness." Mr. Murchison explained, that in writing to Baron Humboldt, he knew that he conveyed the wishes of a great number of geologists, geographers, and statisticians; and since the project was talked of, he had received letters from admirers of the great traveller, in Ireland, Scotland, and distant parts, who were anxious to attend and do honour to him. Mr. Murchison further said, that he was happy to hear that the Royal Society had made a similar proposal; and stated his conviction, that if his excellency could have accepted the invitation, the Humboldt festival would have left a most durable impression.

#### INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Jan. 8th.—Anniversary meeting. The silver Telford medals were presented to Messrs. J. F. Bateman, S. Seaward, B. Green, T. Sopwith, and C. Schafhaeutl; and Telford and Walker premiums of books, to Messrs. E. La Trobe Bateman, D. Stevenson, G. C. Dobson, R. Mallet, J. Colthurst, G. T. Page, and J. B. Birch, for papers of merit read at the meetings during the past session. The report of the council gave proof that the institution is extending its sphere of usefulness. This fact must be fully appreciated in a country where the value of such a union can be best estimated.

The following members of council were elected:—J. Walker, president; W. Cubitt, B. Donkin, J. Field, H. R. Palmer, vice-presidents; G. Lowe, J. Macneill, J. M. Rendel, S. Seaward, R. Sibley, J. Simpson, T. Wicksteed, W. T. Clark, G. Rennie, J. Taylor, F. Braithwaite, W. Cubitt, other members and associates of the council.

Mr. Dent then explained the movement of his astronomical clocks with dead-beat escapement, and with the improvement of giving the impulse at or as nearly as can be determined the centre of percussion (See *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1268).

The papers announced to be read at the next meeting, were:—"A memoir of Captain Huddart," by Mr. W. Cotton; "A description of the works of the London Docks," by Mr. R. Richardson; "A description of the bridge over the river Serchio, at the Bagni Caldi di Lucca," by Mr. Townshend.

The president's address, directed more especially to students, recommended diligent application to the practical parts of engineering, in order to the more correct use of theory. The recent engineering appointments to the colonies were instanced as requiring such acquirements. Foreign countries, also, were stated to be the fields for young engineers. There artisans must be created; and the engineer is called upon to possess more practical knowledge than in this country, where intelligent contractors save him much of the details of the work. Here the master-mind conceives an idea, and ready instruments are found to carry it out; but there the same mind must originate the plan and give the details of execution. The professorships of engineering in the different universities were enumerated. That of Glasgow only, it appears, is in the appointment of the government. Sir Robert Peel has expressed himself most favourably of the objects of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and of the progress it has made, and is making, under the present able direction.

#### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Jan. 21. (First evening meeting).—Mr. Brande, "On some improvements in the manufacture of gas for the purpose of illumination." The two principal improvements to which attention was directed were, the gas-meter, as a substitute for pressure on the gasometers; and the increase of the illuminating power of the gas itself. The former hitherto has been applied only to the measuring the quantity of gas consumed; it is now to be employed, by means of a slight water-power or of a weight, as a pump or sucker, on the mains, to draw from them, or from the gasometers, the requisite supply, so as to obviate the necessity of loading the gasometers to keep the pipes filled; whereby, the gas-pipes being seldom gas-tight under pressure, great loss is occasioned to the manufacturers. The second improvement involves the obtaining the greatest quantity of light at the least expense and with the least amount of heat. This is effected by naphthalising coal-gas, passing it over sponge or coke saturated with naphtha, placed in a box attached to or in conjunction with the gas-meter, and having several successive trays or compartments, through which the gas will wind its way, rolling over the prepared coke, licking up the vapour of naphtha, and thus enriching itself with this highly inflammable hydro-carburet. The light thus produced was exhibited, and it certainly was most beautiful; Mr. Brande pronounced it the perfection of artificial light. The naphthalising-box, or a similar arrangement in the gas-meter, may be employed also as a purifier, the gas being made to pass over acids and alkalis. By these improvements it was expected that gas-lights would soon be generally burned in private dwellings. Mr. Brande expressed his thanks to Messrs. Lowe and Crossley, the patentees (we understood), for their kind assistance and loan of apparatus. We were much pleased with the whole illustration; and greatly gratified by the announcement by Mr. Barlow, that before long Faraday would resume his place at the table on a Friday evening's meeting. In the library there was a profuse display of beautiful lithotins, electro-tints, daguerreotypes, and calotypes; the latter were extremely striking.

#### PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Jan. 26, 1842.

Academy of Sciences. Sitting of January 17.—At this sitting, M. Elie de Beaumont finished the reading of his report on M. Durocher's geological researches in the north of Europe, and especially on the phenomena of the erratic blocks. It had been observed that of these blocks, those which were of granite appeared to have been carried to greater distances than those of limestone. Another circumstance to be remarked was, that they lay either in or upon vast deposits of sand, or diluvial matter regularly stratified in nearly horizontal layers. This shewed that the sand had been deposited in a sea not greatly agitated; and therefore the supposition that the blocks had, in all cases, been carried by a violent diluvial current was not admissible. It was probable, M. Durocher thought, that these blocks had been floated on ice-fields, and had been deposited at the bottom of the sea by the melting of the ice. At the same time, he thought it evident that an immense diluvial current, the origin of which there were as yet no means of conjecturing, had taken place; that it had commenced very far north; that it was probably accompanied by an immense quantity of floating ice; and that it spread over all that part of Europe com-

\* See *Lit. Gaz.*, No. 1280, p. 489; also our Review of *Cutlin's Notes*, &c. on the North American Indians.

prised between Greenland and the Ural mountains in Russia. The current had then turned southwards, covering Sweden, Norway, and Finland, breaking off rocks from the mountains as it passed along, polishing the surface of the rocks, and leaving streaks on them from the action of the sand, stone, and rocks which it rolled onwards. The current had extended into Germany, Russia, and Poland, but its force had apparently become weaker as it went further south; towards the east it had been lost in the immense plains of Russia, and in Germany had been stopped by ranges of mountains. Long lines of *osars*, or heaps of detrital matter, were found accompanying the erratic blocks, and their prevalent direction was from N.N.E. to S.S.W. No traces of human remains had been found in any of these diluvial deposits. The Academy passed a vote of approbation and thanks to M. Durocher for his elaborate researches.—An apparatus for directing the course of balloons was submitted to the Academy, in the name of M. Muzzi, of Bologna, the inventor. It had been already presented to the scientific congress at Pisa. A commission was appointed to examine and report upon it.—M. Becquerel commenced the reading of a paper on the electro-chemical properties of various substances.—A further communication was made by M. Boudin, chief medical officer of the military hospital at Marseilles, on the use of minute doses of arsenic as a substitute, or partial substitute, for quinine, in the cure of agues and certain classes of fever. The quantity of quinine used every year in Algeria for the army, was valued at more than 100,000fr., and therefore the cheapness of arsenic rendered the partial substitution of this substance of great importance.

### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

#### REMARKABLE TOMB: MALTA!

*Discovery in an Ancient Sepulchre, near Citta Vecchia, on the Island of Malta.*

Malta, 29th Dec. 1841.

The late general rains, after a drought of, we may almost say, five years—for little rain has fallen on the island during that period—has sent the Maltese husbandman again into the fields, and the once sterile soil is already green with the coming harvest. Ground has been disturbed that has lain fallow for centuries; and amid the general activity, several ancient tombs have been discovered, though none of them, except the one we are about to describe, exhibiting more than the usual characteristics: common earthenware urns of Maltese clay, filled with ashes; lachrymatories of the same material; small sepulchral lamps, some of them very chastely formed, and now and then—marking the eastern origin of the people whose tombs they were—the model of the Egyptian mummy in a green semi-transparent substance. But at once to relate our discovery. On turning up the soil of a piece of ground near Citta Vecchia, the low entrance to a tomb was disclosed in the side of a rock; and this being apparently inviolate, Mr. St. John, chief adjutant of police, who has already in his possession many curious relics of ancient Malta, was induced to examine it. The upper chamber, squared in the hardest kind of stone known on the island, shewed an oblong sarcophagus cut in the solid rock that formed its floor, to the depth of rather more than four feet; four small niches in the sides of the chamber contained lamps of the rudest make ever found in Malta, being little more than clay pinched into form and hardened; while in

the cavity occupying the centre were ashes fine as pumice-dust, to the amount of about eight bushels, and twelve common earthenware urns, one-half of which number were perfect, the rest broken. As yet nothing appeared that had not been remarked on the opening of many such tombs; but, to the surprise of the explorers, they came to the veritable rib of a whale, together with some fragments of other bones not human, perhaps a part of the same animal. This rib of a “monster of the deep,” so strangely entombed in the centre of an island in the Mediterranean sea-waters, where the living whale was never yet found—stands full five feet high, and tracing the curve of the bone, is nearly seven in length. It remains in the possession of Mr. St. John, who once before found a somewhat similar, though much smaller bone, in a tomb, also near Citta Vecchia; but that does not bear so strong a resemblance to the rib of a whale as the last-discovered specimen—for the rib of a whale it has been declared to be by competent authorities. How entombed where it was found, defies conjecture! Could it have been brought to the island by some ancient voyager from a far-off sea? Was it worshipped as a species of “Fetich,” as every thing strange and out of the common is to this day in Western Africa? or was it, with other bones, the ashes of which surrounded it, the treasure of some Phœnician comparative anatomist, who was buried with the choice gems of a museum which had been his pride while living?

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Jan. 27.—Mr. Hamilton in the chair. The reading of Sir H. Ellis's communication on the proposal to establish “Mounts of Piety” in England was continued, there being no other paper before the society. The portion read this evening consisted merely of statements of the opinions of different persons on the wickedness of usury, and of assertions, that lending money on a small per centage ought not to be considered as usury. This is the second night since Christmas, and it appears that the society has not yet received any original communication.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR

##### THE ENSUING WEEK:—

*Monday.*—Brit. Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.  
*Tuesday.*—Linnean, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 2 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.  
*Wednesday.*—Soc. of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.  
*Thursday.*—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.  
*Friday.*—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Botan., 8 P.M.  
*Saturday.*—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Mathematical, 8 P.M.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### PUBLIC RESORTS.

ANOTHER Report has just been circulated by the “Society for obtaining Free Admission to National Monuments and Public Edifices containing Works of Arts, &c.” which, as far as it goes, is highly satisfactory. The public is already admitted to a number of interesting and instructive places, such as the British Museum, National Gallery, St. Paul's, East India House Museum, Soane Museum, Society of Arts, Hampton Court Palace, Kew Gardens, Dulwich Gallery, Woolwich Model-room; besides gardens, museums, cathedrals, &c. at Norwich, Durham, Bath, Dover, Lancaster, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Montrose, Dublin, &c.; and during

• These we should rather conjecture to be human; or they might be mixed up with animal sacrifices.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

the past year Government has given farther proofs of its good-will towards the principle and objects of the Society by affording facilities of admission to various resorts. The report proceeds to state and observe:—

“The new Jewel-room at the Tower, with the reduction of the admission-fee from two shillings to sixpence; and also the additions to the Ancient Armoury, by purchase, to the amount of 1072l. 18s. out of the surplus of revenues from the reduced fees,—deserve praise. Since the destruction of the modern or small armoury by fire, the jewels are removed; but the historical armouries are still exhibited. The opening of Wolsey's Hall, at Hampton Court, to the public has also given considerable satisfaction; but the Prince's Rooms have not been opened, though a promise was given to that purpose. Nearly the whole of the Regent's Park is now free to the people; and for their further recreation Government has purchased Primrose Hill, and in the neighbourhood of Hackney 290 acres of land, to be converted into public pleasure-grounds, and denominated the Victoria Park. There is also reason to hope that similar accommodation will be provided on the Surrey side of town. These objects were both forwarded by notices of motion in the House of Commons made by members of your committee. The dean and chapter of Durham have, in conformity with the recommendation of the select committee of the House of Commons, in their report last June, ordered their venerable cathedral to be freely open to the public every week-day, from nine to five in summer, and from ten till four in winter: the only part not accessible without attendant is the Chapel of Nine Altars. Your committee hope that equal liberality will be shewn by the chapters of other cathedrals throughout the kingdom. The chapter of Westminster have at length in some measure acceded to the views of this society and the remonstrance of Government, by reducing the fee of admission to the chapels of the Abbey from one shilling to threepence each person; and your committee trust that this is a prelude to free admission to the body of the edifice, as recommended by the recent parliamentary committee on national monuments. The late free exhibition of the prize-pictures by the Art-Union Society evinces a strong, and evidently, from the result, a well-timed confidence in the good conduct and taste of the public. The number of persons who availed themselves of the opportunity was in three weeks 72,000, without the slightest accident or complaint of misconduct.”

Retrograde restrictive movements are next noticed, as at Kensal Green and Highgate Cemeteries; and some excellent suggestions are thrown out on the construction of catalogues to museums and galleries of art, those in use being mostly inadequate and deficient. Loudon's *Catalogue of the Derby Arboretum* is spoken of as a model; and the secretary proposes a plan to combine all the advantages he has discovered in similar productions at home and abroad. The Report is altogether a valuable document, and will, we trust, help to extend and expedite the progress of liberality in respect to the views entertained by the Society, the utility of which is curiously demonstrated by the following account of the

#### NUMBER OF VISITORS TO PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

*The Armouries at the Tower.*  
In 1837-8, at 3s. each, including warders' fee, 11,104 persons, 1665l. 12s.  
In 1838-9, at 1s. (warders' fee abolished), 42,212 persons, 2110l. 12s.  
In 1839-40, at 6d. each, 84,872 persons, 2121l. 16s.  
In 1840-41, at ditto, 95,231 persons, 2380l. 15s. 6d.



Further increase is nearly prevented by the restriction of numbers, not more than 100 visitors being allowed in the Tower at one time.

#### The National Gallery.

1837 . . . 113,937 persons | 1839 . . . 466,850 persons.  
1838 . . . 397,649 " | 1840 . . . 503,011 "

#### The British Museum.

1836-7 . . . 383,147 persons | 1838-9 . . . 280,850 persons.  
1837-8 . . . 321,151 " | 1839-40 . . . 247,929 "  
There is reason to fear that these returns from the British Museum for the previous years are inaccurate and exaggerated; that for 1840 is probably correct.

#### Hampton Court.

In 1838, about 50,000 persons paid a discretionary fee.  
1839 — 115,971 visitors entered free.  
1840 — 122,339 ditto.

#### Painted Hall at Greenwich Hospital.

In 1839, 100,880; and in 1840, 104,430 persons, at 3d. each, besides soldiers and sailors free.  
The total for each year is as follows:—  
In 1837 . . . 658,192 persons | In 1839 . . . 1,049,423 persons.  
1838 . . . 921,012 " | 1840 . . . 1,072,940 "

#### SIR F. CHANTREY'S WILL.

By Sir F. Chantrey's will a disposition has been made of so much importance to the Fine Arts, that the particulars are of public interest. The following is the substance. Messrs. Stokes, Jones, and Turner, are the executors.

Mr. Allan Cunningham is appointed "to assist in the completion" of the works in hand in Sir Francis's studio at the time of his death.

Mr. Henry Weekes is also directed to be employed, under the superintendence of Mr. Cunningham, in "completing any models, or other works," at his usual stipend or remuneration.

200*l.* per annum is devised for educating ten poor boys, and other charities, in Sir Francis's native parish, Norton, so long as the tomb he erected for himself there shall exist. Legacies are bequeathed to Cunningham, Weekes, and the executors.

The residue of his fortune (sworn under 90,000*l.*), after amply providing for his widow, is to be devoted to the encouragement of "*British Fine Art in Painting and Sculpture only*," under the auspices of the Royal Academy, and according to certain regulations laid down for its direction. 300*l.* a year is settled on the president, and 50*l.* a year on the secretary, for themselves, as part of this bequest.

The interest of the legacy is to be applied to the purchase of works of the highest merit which have been or shall be entirely executed within the shores of Great Britain. None to be executed on commission. Those purchased to be publicly exhibited, during at least one calendar month, in a fitting place, every year.

The whole, when a sufficient collection is made, is to form and establish a National Gallery, or Museum; and the testator expresses his expectation that government, or the country, will build or provide a proper gallery for this purpose, without any charge upon the estate thus so generously devoted to a great public benefit.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### OH, IF BEAUTY WERE ALL!

Oh, if beauty were all that affection desire'd,  
If the heart to mere feature might still remain true,  
I could gaze on thy form, and deem nothing requir'd  
To seal the sweet charm that thy gracefulness threw;  
But, alas, though the shrine be so brilliant to sight,  
The mind's sweeter loveliness dwells in it not;  
Like the flower on which nature hath lavish'd her light,  
But the charm most enduring—its fragrance—forgot!

If the rose of thy young cheek might never decay,  
Thy form all its radiant beauty retain—  
If those eyes, that eclipse the clear azure of day,  
As beaming, enchanting, might ever remain—  
Still, believe me, the shrine its adorer would lose—  
'Tis the mind that alone is with constancy blest.  
Oh, it is not the flower of the loveliest hues,  
But the flower of most fragrance we wear on our breast!

CHARLES SWAIN.

#### THE DRAMA.

*Drury Lane.*—On Tuesday the play of the *Point of Honour* was revived here. We believe it would be difficult to give any sufficient reason for bringing this piece again before the public. One doleful scene succeeds another, without exciting any healthy feeling or emotion in the audience. We hope it will be repented seldom, if at all; and therefore forbear any criticism upon the actors, except saying, that they all did "as well as could be expected," and better. It was followed by a new farce, which was entirely successful, called the *Windmill*. It is supported by the Keeleys, Morris Barnett, one of the best Frenchmen on the stage, and Mrs. Selby. It was received with such peals of laughter as almost to interrupt its progress; and we have no hesitation in prophesying a merry round to the sails of the "windmill," and much grist to the treasury. Keeley appeared to announce it for frequent repetition, when a jolly voice in the pit intimated a wish that his wife (Keeley's) should share in the applause with which his re-entrance was greeted; the invitation was good-naturedly responded to; and this clever pair bowed and curtsied their way off together in regular Darby-and-Joan fashion. They are indeed an incomparable couple, "Sure such a pair was never seen," and richly do they deserve the utmost popular applause which genuine acting can earn.

#### VARIETIES.

*The King of Prussia and Baron Von Humboldt.*—We understand it is the intention of several of the scientific societies of London—amongst which we have heard named the Geographical, Geological, Statistical, Horticultural, Botanical, and Society of Arts—to present an address to His Majesty of Prussia, requesting the honour of enrolling his name as Honorary Fellow, and to forward a like request to the renowned traveller and physical geographer. It is hoped his Majesty may find time to appoint a morning for receiving such tribute as our literature, sciences, and arts, can offer to him as their great friend and patron.

*Coins and Medals.*—Among our "Varieties" in No. 1302 we described the "memorable Petition-Crown of Charles II., by T. Simon," about to be sold, in a sale of many rare and valuable numismatic specimens, by Mr. Leigh Sotheby, which event took place last week, and the enormous price of 170*l.* was given for it by the City of London, between which and the Bank of England the competition lay. Other coins brought large sums; several of Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., ranging from 7*l.* to 17*l.* 10*s.*

*Metropolitan Improvements.*—An association, we learn, has been projected under the title of the "Society for the Promotion of Metropolitan Improvements," and directed to the execution of designs for that purpose. The principal objects are stated to be, to point out the desirability of pulling down the whole of the Rookery in St. Giles's, of making a straight street, instead of a crooked line, from Bow Street to Broad Street, and of adopting other improvements in connexion with this line; and to induce government to undertake a survey of London and the whole of the surrounding districts, with a view to a connected and comprehensive plan for the improvement of the metropolis and its suburbs, especially as regards the sewers, and the most practicable mode of forming a quay or road-way along the banks of the Thames. Mr. H. Austin has ad-

ressed a letter to the editor of the *Westminster Review*, in which he adduces many reasons for the undertaking, and points out the public benefits to be derived from its being successfully carried out.

*Wood Pavement.*—During the late frosts, the wood pavements in various streets of London afforded sad examples of their unfitness for the passage of horses, and all vehicles drawn by them, in such weather. They were literally strewn with accidents; and it was obvious to every observer, that if the metropolis were generally paved in this manner, it would be impossible to effect a transit to any considerable distance from one part to another, by means of horses, during the continuance of a hard frost: Whitechapel would be separated from Piccadilly, except to pedestrians, by an insuperable barrier; and, in short, communications between remote spots would be cut off, till a thaw restored the capital intercourse.

*Preservative for Water-Colour Paintings, Room-Papering, &c.*—By means of a preservative and mordant, Mr. Spilsbury (as is announced by his advertisement) has invented a simple process, by which water-colour drawings, pencillings, crayons, and other cartoons, hitherto liable to being effaced by every touch or accident, are preserved as by a strong varnish, and rendered even washable without injury. This must be of much value to the arts and to the more common embellishment of houses. In application, the mixture seems to us to add brilliancy to the colours.

*Silk-Weaving.*—It is stated that some improvements in the machinery for silk-weaving, of a very important nature, have been invented by an artisan at Lyons.

*Cambridge Camden Society.*—The restoration of the exterior fabric of the Round Church is nearly completed. The round aisle is covered in, a conical roof is placed on the tower, and the workmen have begun to restore the windows of the clerestory. A new church is about to be built at Alexandria, for which the society will furnish designs, and towards the erection of which 100*l.* has been granted by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

*M. Thiers* is stated to be writing a history of the German empire, and his late tour in Germany to be connected with his historical inquiries.

*Robert Burns.*—The birthday of the greatest of Scotland's Poets is the same as that appointed for christening the Prince of Wales; and being widely and socially observed by many of the Scotch in London, it afforded an admirable opportunity for commemorating both events in a manner worthy of the children of Caledonia.

*Mr. Ducrow.*—This famous horseman, and altogether extraordinary character, is gathered to the dust. He never got over the burning of his theatre, and died on Thursday night at his house in Lambeth.

*Roman Antiquities near Naples.*—A discovery of some fine Roman remains is stated to have been recently made on Mount Posilipo, the site of a villa commanding a view of the Bay, and in a high state of preservation, though only covered with some two feet of earth. Excavations are in progress; and it has been named the Villa of Lucullus.

*New Application of Euclid's Elements.*—In the Bankruptcy Court, the other day, Mr. — was brought up to pass, when a Friend observed upon his misfortune, "He began with 5000*l.*; but was such a fool in his calculations, that in eighteen months he only got to the *Pons Asinorum*, and stopped there!"

**The Importance of Position.**—A pedagogue, reproving a pupil for an arithmetical blunder, was pertly answered, "Sir, it is a very slight mistake; I only placed the one figure before the other." "And is that a slight mistake, you blockhead?" exclaimed the irritated teacher; "you are 16, and I am 61."

**A Diner-Out.**—"You are in such request, Tom," said a kind Amphytrion, "that I am afraid to ask you to dine with me on so short a notice as three days." "It fortunately happens," replied Tom, "that I am disengaged on the 25th; but you must let me off at 12 o'clock to the Countess—'s party, where I promised to be early. I am, indeed, in request," he added, with a sigh, "and could not even go to the Lord Mayor's dinner to Prince Albert." [And this was strictly true; for he could not obtain an admission-card, but spent the evening, as he said, "delightfully with the Duke"—i. e. Duke Humphrey, through an order to see the pantomime at Drury Lane.]

**A luminous Wish.**—Old —, a tedious by-gone author, and a perfect bore for prosing, bragging, and priming his nose for ever with rappee, was as usual tiring a party, and, among his boasts, said, "Nor can it be denied that I have done, and can do, much in my own way to enlighten the public mind." "I wish," observed a yawning auditor, "you could do it in the way of a composite candle; for then you would do it without snuffing!"

J—, who seldom "says a foolish thing," went the other day to discharge a very extravagant bill for an outfit to foreign parts, when the following brief dialogue ensued: J— "Here is a cheque for your account; and so you call it an Outfit, do ye?" "Yes, sir, a complete Outfit." "Hand the receipt: I consider it a complete Intake!"

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We have received Mr. Thorpe's "Supplement" to his general catalogue of valuable and curious books for 1842, than which we meet with no catalogues more generally interesting. Although only three or four weeks are passed since he published a catalogue of nine hundred pages, this indefatigable collector has been enabled in this early supplement to add a number of very rare and choice articles. The Supplement appears to contain some of the "pickings" of the libraries of George Chalmers and John Holmes of East Retford.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1842.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 13	From 23 to 33.5	29.81 to 29.65
Friday . . . 14	25 . . . 35	29.11 . . . 29.37
Saturday . . . 15	22 . . . 37	29.78 . . . 29.85
Sunday . . . 16	17 . . . 39	29.61 . . . 29.78
Monday . . . 17	28 . . . 39	29.91 . . . 30.10
Tuesday . . . 18	20 . . . 33	30.20 . . . 30.30
Wednesday . . 19	27 . . . 33	30.32 . . . 30.34

Prevailing wind south-west. On the 15th, overcast, snowing fast all the day, the 14th, morning cloudy, with a little rain, otherwise clear; the 15th, afternoon overcast, otherwise clear; the 16th, generally cloudy, rain in the morning and evening; the 17th, clear; the 18th, morning clear, otherwise cloudy; the 19th, a thick fog all the day.

Rain fallen, with melted snow, .31 of an inch.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 20	From 22 to 35	30.05 to 29.97
Friday . . . 21	25 . . . 35	29.93 . . . 29.95
Saturday . . . 22	28 . . . 35	29.81 . . . 29.21
Sunday . . . 23	24 . . . 35	29.14 . . . 29.53
Monday . . . 24	15 . . . 31	29.73 . . . 29.62
Tuesday . . . 25	21 . . . 38	29.22 . . . 29.64
Wednesday . . 26	20 . . . 41	29.46 . . . 29.07

Wind north-west on the 20th, and following day; south-east on the 22d; north-west on the 23d; north-west and south-east on the 24th; north-west on the 25th; south on the 26th. On the 20th, and two following days, a general overcast, snow fell thick in the afternoon, and rain fell in the evening of the 22d; the 23d, and following day, generally clear; the 25th, morning overcast, with snow, otherwise clear; the 26th, overcast, raining nearly all the day, wind very boisterous during the evening.

Rain fallen, with melted snow, .475 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Q—? We request the attention of our readers to the interesting account of Aden begun in this No. of the *Literary Gazette*; and also of our antiquaries in particular to the very remarkable discovery in a tomb at Malta, as described by our esteemed correspondent in that island. See heads "Original Correspondence," and "Literary and Learned," pp. 78 and 53.

We thank the writer; but we fear the "Vision of Bliss" must remain a vision; certain Scottish quantities in the metre, &c. marring its poetry.

Our legal friend at Spalding is surely mistaken in applying the expression in our last No., relative to "a dirty attorney's charge for a dirty letter," p. 64, col. i, either to himself or the respectable portion of his profession. The words describe those who are a disgrace to it; the low multitude who live upon stimulated dissensions and unnecessary costs, who prey upon misfortune and aggravate distress, and who, we firmly believe, do more towards crippling the industry and commerce of the country, than all our corn-laws, taxes, or other alleged burdens and grievances put together. We consider it a pity that the better orders in the law and its institutions do not discountenance these sharp practices more than they do; but as for any honest, right-feeling, and tolerably humane solicitor taking our words in dudgeon, we should think it impossible. Such a fact would remind us of a litigious and oppressive rascal, a Writer in Edinburgh, who was known by the complimentary sobriquet of "Scoundrel Grant." A heedless wight, over his whisky-toddy, one evening betted that he would call him so, publicly, at the cross; and next morning woke to the danger of his bet, and the damages it would be sure to entail upon him. He, however, proceeded to the scene of action at high noon, and seeing the object of wager on the opposite side of the street, he bawled out as loudly as he could, "Scoundrel Grant! Scoundrel Grant!" Thus adjured, the irate Writer rushed across, and demanded in a voice of fury why the party dared to address him in this language; to which the other, with great affected simplicity, looking him quietly in the face, replied, "What! are you Scoundrel Grant?" No action for slander was brought, and the bet was cleverly won.

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